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EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE OPINION OF THE EDITOR ON THE ISSUES OF THE DAY.

The Atlanta Journal reports a speech made by Congressman Bryan, of Nebraska, recently in Atlanta. The Journal comments editorially and endorses what he said in favor of an income tax, but it does not say a word about what he said on silver. Why did it not comment on and endorse the following paragraph:

"No one would dare to propose a law increasing the number of dollars to be paid by a debtor. To increase the size of a dollar by legislation has exactly the same effect, and the great producing masses of this country will not hold him guiltless who thus adds to their already heavy burdens.

That dollar will soon cease to be called "honest" which grows fatter every day. The vicarious sufferings of those who, interested in the appreciation of debts, weep for the poor debtor while the load is made heavier, will soon be given the same weight that is now given to the solitude of those protected manufacturers who have for the last 30 years so freely shed their tears for the "poor laboring man." The protective policy was never as disastrious to the agricultural classes as a go'd standard would be, for while protection lessened the STREAM, gold monometallism would dry up the FOUNTAIN of prosperity. The friends of "the gold and silver coinage of the constitution" need not be discouraged. Strong in the all-conquering might of right, their principles will triumph and that triumph will be signalized by a return of prosperity to the great masses of our people."

Anything wrong with the above doctrine? Will Mr. Cleveland and the Journal stand by that kind of Democracy?

The New York World abuses the N. Y. Tribune for saying that the present financial troubles is due to lack of confidence in the Democratic administration. The World has been saying that all this trouble was on account of "want of confidence." Now it is natural to suppose that it is want of confidence in somebody or something. The Democratic administration is in the saddle. If the Tribune is wrong, it was a very natural mistake. The World should not have mislead it. But the people know that it is want of money, and want of confidence in the Democratic administration to furnish it. The People's party is coming and coming quick, because it is needed and needed bad.

The News and Observer, one of the monopoly organs of North Carolina, commenting on the failure of the Bank of New Hanover, says:

"It is to be deplored that the depositors should have wrecked an institution which doubtless would have been of great use to the people, in these times, if the people had not wrecked it."

This is just about what we might expect from such a paper. When prices are low it says the people are to blame for either too much laziness or too much industry making overproduction. When a bank fails, "the people wrecked it." When the people fail, they wreck themselves. No, it will not do to lay any of the blame to "the best financial system the world ever saw."

The News and Observer, commenting on the appointment of Kope Elias as Collector of the Western (5th) North Carolina District, refers to the fact that he will have 450 appointments to make and then says:

"The position is one of vast responsibility, and he will so administer it as to promote the ends of justice and of good government, while not being oblivious to the best interests of the Democratic party."

We suppose the above means that he is to use his position to "promote the ends of justice and good government" except when the interests of the "dear party" conflicts, and then —well,do as politicians too often do.

A number of men who read all sides of the political questions, have sent us money and requested us to send THE CAUCASIAN to certain of their neighbors who read but one side. Occasionally we get one of these copies back, with some such statement as this on the margin: "I am a Democrat and don't read third party stuff," "I am a Democrat, don't send another copy of your paper," &c. Now we would like to know if a man must be hide bound and ignorant and narrow because he is a Democrat?

The fool who edits the Newton Enterprise says that the Alliance wants the government to run the railroads so everybody can ride free of charge.

The people are doing what Mr. Cleveland recently advised them to do—they are "studying."

We clip the following telegram from a daily paper. It is a press syndicate telegram and appeared in on last Friday morning in every daily newspaper in the country:

"PREPAYMENT OF INTEREST.

SECRETARY CARLISLE DOES WHAT HE CAN TO LOOSEN MONEY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 22.—Secretary Carlisle to-day directed Treasurer Morgan to anticipate the payment of the July interest on the 4 per cent. United States bonds and the Pacific railroad bonds. Checks in payment of the interest will be placed in the mail Saturday afternoon and all the sub-treasuries in the United States will be instructed to cash them on presentation. The total interest on both classes of bonds aggregates $7,534,000, of which $1,900,000 is for the Pacific railroad bonds and $5,634,000 for the 4 per cent bonds.

This action of Secretary Carlisle is taken to relieve the tightness in the money centres."

"Anticipated the interest." That is a new way of giving the people "relief." The people are in debt and are hard up for money, so we will give the people "relief" by forcing them to pay the interest on their debts before the interest is even due. Great financiering that! Let every mortgaged farmer try it and see how much relief it gives—the other fellow. Well that is just what Carlisle did, he gave the bondholders "relief" to the tune of seven and a half million dollars, while the people footed the bill.

Since the election, we have seen the suffering politicians, who loved the dear down-trodden people so during the campaign, getting "relief" in the shape of fat offices; and now we see the poor oppressed bondholders getting relief by having the people's taxes paid to them in interest before it is due, but the people who needed the relief are "not in it."

If you will read the above paragraph again you will see something about interest on Pacific railroad bonds. If Matt Ransom ever makes another speech in your section, be sure to ask him to explain this to you. In the mean time you might ask the nearest Democratic office-seeker you voted for last fall to explain it to you. If he is informed he will try to evade the question, or it may be that he is like the chairman of the Dem. Ex. Com. of Wayne county about such things—don't know.

The following news item, heading and all, is clipped from the Richmond Dispatch. We might clip hundreds of them,for similar articles are being published in all the partisan papers:

"REPEAL OF THE SHERMAN ACT.

ROANOKE'S BOARD OF TRADE ADOPT RESOLUTIONS IN FAVOR OF IT.

[Special telegram to the Dispatch.]

ROANOKE, VA., June 22.—At a meeting of the Board of Trade tonight a resolution in favor of the repeal of the Sherman silver bill was unanimously adopted, and the Secretary was instructed to correspond with similar bodies in every city of the State with a view of securing joint action on the matter, that all such resolutions may be forwarded to the President of the Chamber of Commerce at Richmond, to be transmitted to our Senators in Congress as an expression of the sentiments of the people of the State on this important question."

It seems to us that it is getting time for the politicians or somebody to regulate these Boards of Trade. They might have been good things in their pristine purity, but now that they have "gone into politics," it seems to us that they ought to be crushed out of existence. At least every good man who belongs to the organization should at once withdraw.

The Philadelphia Press says:

"Senator Quay gave the politicians a surprise yesterday by calling on Chairman Harrity, of the Democratic National Committee, at the latter's office. When it became known that Quay was in favor of the Government issuing bonds it was recalled that Chairman Harrity had also declared that he favored such a policy."

And thus we see party leaders who have fought and abused each other over minor matters, coming together on the one great issue to defeat the will of the people. The gold bugs own the leaders of both old parties and have for a long time. If the People's party had not arisen, exposed their hypocracy and declared war on the financial system, the great evil of the century, they (the Quays and the Harritys and their kind) would have gone on for the next quarter century quarreling over tariff and force bills, while the people were bled to starvation by a robber financial system. Light is breaking. The plain, honest people can't be fooled much longer.

GOL. HENRY WATTERSON'S SPEECH

AT THE GREAT QUADRANGULAR DEBATE IN PHILADELPHIA.

QUESTION: "WHICH OFFERS THE BEST PRACTICAL POLITICAL MEANS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WORKINGMEN OF THIS COUNTRY, THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, THE PEOPLE'S PARTY, THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, OR THE CHURCH?"

HE PRESENTS AN ABLE AND COMPLETE STATEMENT OF THE DEMOCRATIC SIDE.

LET EVERY VOTER READ IT WITH A FAIR AND IMPARTIAL MIND.

Continued from last issue.

Hypocrisy, a witty Frenchman tells us, is the homage vice pays to virtue. It is also the mask behind which pretended virtue seeks to palm off her pinch back jewels. It is the limited and criminal classes then here, there and everywhere, in the church setting up for philanthropists; in society setting up for women of fashion; in the board of trade setting up for miracles of activity and energy. Which of us have not had our fingers burned by the corner lots in cities that never were and never will be, in the name of enterprise and developement; which of us have not been invited as an act of special friendly favor to come in on the ground floor of a financial edifice, having three or four cellars beneath it, and laid at the bottom in a cave of wind. (Laughter.) Which of us does not recall that genius with an infinite knowledge of horse flesh, who is willing to give the infalible tip as to the sure winner in the coming race.

Hazlitt tells us only honest hypocrits are the play actors, who appear in the robes of the king today and the rags of the beggar to-morrow. But there are hypocrits whose hypocracy is so deep that it goes marching through the world masquerading itself, and so surrounding the person that they never find it out. There is a hypocracy that springs from inward taste rather than fraud. How many have been led to deceit who might have told the truth and have gone about their business.

In the great Credit Mobilier scandals it was not so much the ownership of the stock as the denial of of it has brought disgrace, but every age has its idiosyncracy. We speak of the golden age, the silver age, and the brazen age, etc. Every country has its virtues and its vices; its crown of glory and its crown of thorns. Find out a nation's sin, and you shall know that nation's danger. And it is a question that should interest us exceedingly; interest us as workmen; interest us as Republicans, as Democrats, as Populists. We know about Europe, Asia and Africa, but what is the matter with America? All of us are interested in a millionaire just as much as a pauper; we are all Americans. When you come to investigate really the dangers that beset us as a nation and as a people, what is it then? What is the matter with America? Is it the failure of our municipal methods and processes to bring an efficient and honest government to our great cities. That is certainly a great menace to our centers of population. I hardly think it broad enough or deep enough to bode national ruin. Is it the race question at the south? That too, is a great menace and a peril to the people who live there. It is a problem the solution of which the wisest have not been able to compass and the end of which the most sagacious cannot scan. For my own part I know so much about it, that I long ago ceased to have any theories at all. For a great while, and still I have looked with hope towards the education and elevation of both races, but at last I am bound to confess that I am thrown back upon a simple childlike faith in God, who can raise up as he can cast down and who doeth all things well. (Applause.) Is it the labor question about which we are called together to have so much contention, and about which we seem to be having so little? Is it the social question? A question of free and fair election? I think not so organically, in a great democratic republic like ours, where all things are opened to all men, there can never be any general motive for a resort to violent explosive and revolutionary agencies. After all our quack nostrums, after all the devices which A, B. C and D may prescribe, after all the years of the past with this party appearing with its remedy, put out by that party with its remedy, it seems to me that these questions must come to settle themselves. We are not fenced about by bonds, the source of which means blood and terror, we are not slaves of any artificial conventions which are growing obsolete, which can only be anihilated by dynamite. The poorest babe who steals timidly into the world by the back door, has as much of a chance of becoming the president of the United States as the richest who takes his millionaire grandfather by the whiskers. (Applause.)

Agrarianism has no place here and anarchy, that great leveler and friend of incendiaryism may safely be committed under God to that silence under the laws that conserve freedom, nobility, political organization, with our ceaseless conscientious faithfulness to duty.

There is at this time no one political issue separating the people on the right and left into party lines, which are a source of lasting danger to the state. Speaking as a philosopher, and in a historic spirit, the entire current stock in trade, of parties, of all our parties, makes up the sum of what I call "mighty small politics." (Applause.)

I have in my own day seen the republic survive an irrepressible conflict sown in the blood and marrow of a social order; I have seen the federal Union not too strongly put together, in the first place, come out of a great war of sections stronger than when he went into it; its faith renewed, its credit rehabilitated; and its flag flying in triumph and honor over sixty millions of God fearing women and men thoroughly homogenious and reconciled. (Applause.)

I have seen the constitution of the United States outlast not merely the strain of a reconstructory ordeal of a presidential impeachment, and a disputed question of an electoral vote, and congressional deadlock, and an extra constitutional tribunal, and yet stand as firm as the rock against the assault of all its enemies, setting itself with puritanical flexibility to the needs of the country and the times. (Applause.)

And finally I saw the gigantic fabric of the federal government transferred from the hands of those that had held it for a quarter of a century and over into the hands of others without so much as a protest or a bloody nose, and although the outgoing and incoming were so close together that a single blanket might cover both contestants for this majesterial office. (Applause.)

A man who has seen all these things, and who has borne his part in the awful responsibilities presented day after day upon all men, living with each night a terror from the very thought of the morrow, is not going to lose a great deal of sleep about what is going on now in Washington, unless he wants an office and wants it bad. (Laughter.)

The whole war, the whole philosophy, the whole moral lesson of a hundred years of constitutional government in America may be summed up in a single sentence, the history of the old Federal party, of the old Whig party, of our Democratic party, of the Republican party, is that when any political society in this country thinks that it has the world in a sling public opinion gets reared upon its hind legs and kicks out of power. (Applause.)

The real danger before us, a danger to the great as well as to the lowly a danger having its sources in human nature, and peculiarly fostered by our peculiar structure is a moral danger and springs directly from the relation of money to the moral nature of the people.

We have no great aristocratic titles or patents of nobility, and the money standard naturally becomes the simplest and readiest of all standards.

Put money in thy purse, seems to have become a national motto. This would not be so bad if it limited itself to commercial affairs, but we find it everywhere, from the ten thousand dollars a year people to the one hundred thousand dollars a year people living in the United States. Truly the trade mark is over us all.

I read some doggeral verses that went the rounds of the newspapers when I was a boy, and although I have not seen them in print from that day to this, they made such an impression upon me that I can still recall a few of them, that seemed to have some application then, how much greater their relevancy now. They rattled off somehow in this way:

"As with cautious step we tread our way through
This intricate world as other folks do,
May we each at the end of his journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a dollar or two.
The gospel is preached for a dollar or two,
Salvation is reached for a dollar or two,
And you may sometimes find yourself short of a dollar or two."

and so on. (Laughter.)

How true it was, and it is, and how ready we are to forgive the sins of the rich, and to forget how they got their money, and to stick our feet beneath their mahogany, and to eat of their food and to drink of their wine. What a struggle it is everywhere for money, nothing but money, money, money.

When old Agazzi was offered a thousand dollars a night to lecture for forty lectures he turned away from his temptor saying, "What time have I got to waste in money-making." People thought him crazy. I would to God I had an Agazzi or two in every community throughout this land, but honorable poverty seems to have become one of the lost arts. Fame without money is life to second hand applicants; the brains of the country, the genius of the country are no longer engaged in works of patriotic devotion, on works of humble piety, but they are engaged in building, in construction, in money-making.

A young fellow with a head on his shoulders and a heart in his bosom, turns away from the honorable rewards of public life, and that which best assures and he says to himself, I cannot afford to go to congress for five thousand dollars a year when I can make five and twenty thousand in an office which it would cost me nothing to get and nothing to keep and where I am master of my fortune and can do as I have a mind to,—and when I have got enough, if I have a mind to, I will buy me a seat in the United States senate. (Laughter.) Sensible fellow, too, (laughter) but at this rate how long shall it be before we have crushed beneath this hard metallic load all the good emotional sentiment and large-hearted honorable national feeling? It is certain that we cannot carry the influence of it with us when we go to heaven, and when we are required by our Master to give an account of our stewardship how shall it be with us if we point to our hoarded millions and say, "There dear Lord, you can have it all." (Laughter.)

Believe me there is great happiness to be got in this world, and there are days of happiness that we can get by coining one kind thought, more than can be extracted by a million of money (Applause.)

I do not mean to argue that the poorest are the happiest, but no more are the richest. The ennui of the one and the dollar of the other have passed into a proverb, by the greatest parodox that the people who are collectively and relatively the poorest in Europe are the happiest in the world. I mean the people of Switzerland. A people with an ideal Jeffersonian democracy. The government is frugal and simple, the officials are paid barely their subsistence, the president of the Swiss Republic receiving, I believe less than a thousand a year, and as the elections are annual there are no motives or opportunities for corruption. Indeed the elections are held on Sunday and in the churches. The greatest of modern Swiss statesmen, a man who had been many times president of the republic, and a man in whose honor a noble bronze statue stands in the great square in his native capitol, died a few years ago in a dingy little apartment in the city of Berne, and after his death it was found that in order to obtain the needful medicine and comforts in his last illness, he had to pawn a service of silver presented to him by the government of the United States. This service was given to him by the United States as a mark of esteem for his work in our behalf at the Geneva Conference. There was a proud, brave, poor man, one who would scorn to beg as he would scorn to steal, and who went confidently to his God, without so much as a franc to pay his ferry across the stream.

Now the Swiss peasant in his chalet by the mountain side with nothing to sweeten life, not so much as a flower, is the hapiest and proudest man on the face of the globe, and Switzerland more than any other country vindicates the lines of goldsmith,

(Lines from Goldsmith not sent us by reporter)

When the foreign foe in 70 gathered on the frontier, and the people then warned off the warring French and Germans from Swiss soil, they were as rugged then as they are now. And their loyalty has become historical, for the Swiss were wide awake when the world was putting on its jack-boots, and the centuries just beginning her teens. I stand reverently uncovered in the presence of those grave, proud, poor mountaineers, and have sometimes thought should I ever become an exile from my own country, it is the one spot where I might be able to find something of happiness and comfort.

But enough of this. Let us come back to our own time and country and putting these things together let us see what light they throw upon the present and the future, with the future, with regard to the money standard, so I would that the moral standard—so low—wise men may then ask whether there is no hope at all for us, or not. Being something of an optimist I think there is, but if there is it must come from a better development of the national character and nearer approach to the ideals embraced by our national system. I have always believed in moral forces, and organized ideas and shall never surrender that belief to the claim that there is more bad than good in human nature. Indeed I am something of a Methodist in the conceit that we are steadily going on from grace to grace towards perfection, although we may not obtain its beatifice, its perfected state, yet at least in the twentieth century we will be nearer that millenium promised by divine prophecy. I believe we are on the ascending and not the descending scale of national progress, and that there are many signs of prosperity before us. We are the most happily situated of any people on earth, we are masters of the greatest continent, we are the professors of the greatest Christian government yet devised by the wit of man, a system towards which are steadily trending all the nations of the earth, and outside there is nothing whatever to harm us. Whilst within us it seems to me there are just two great moral dangers. One of them the devil of party spirit and the other the devil of money.

Finding these two sinister forces united in a single sentence, I gave them a name two years ago, which has seemed to stick to them, and I call them the money devil -the money devil is lying right across our national highway- standing just at the fork of the road—one leads away in black lines to national fame and glory, and the other leads down to plutocracy, that is immediately before us and we are upon its boundary,—its jaws are opened to swallow up all that is great and noble in national life. It already cost a million of dollars to place a presidential candidate in the field, and one hundred thousand dollars to sustain a contest for a seat in the United States Senate. How long shall it be before our land has been converted into a race of Florentine princes without the learning and arts of Florence, and the presidential election be thrown into a great comedy, and the seat be auctioned off to the highest bidder.

Beware of the money devil. Beware of the man who puts his pocket above his conscience and his party above hiscountry. I dont mean to argue that it is necessary for a man to sacrifice all his honest interests to be true to his country. Let every man entertain his convictions, whatever they are. You may live up to them by all means, but let him not have more care for himself than for his neighbor less, because his neighbor is exercising the same right and doing the same right and doing the same thing. (Applause.)

I shall not undertake on an occasion like this to dwell in detail upon the peculiar afflictions which attend this very wandering love of the material things of life. Read the ghastly story of Mammon. From the twenty pieces of silver, from the treason of Arnold, down to the tragical proceedings that are now occurring in the French courts in regard to the Panama scandal in the French republic. Remove the roofs from the palaces of the rich and see what you will find there. What skeleton is in the closet? What shams? If a poor man wants to read a sure enough tragedy let him peruse the personal history of Wall street, a history that started near the head of a graveyard, all its own, scarce big enough to bury. This society oddly enough with mercantile sagacity actually took itself out from the churchyard and emptied itself in a deep, mighty stream, fit emblem of the mystery of death. Let us glance away over their progress to a page brighter on which is emblazoned that blessed legend, "Do unto others as thou wouldst they should do unto you." There is the whole secret and mystery of human happiness. Of all the great speeches that Shakespeare has put into the mouths of his heroes it seems to me that for the poor and rich alike there is the most wisdom, there is the most comfort to be found in the words addressed by Woolsey to one of his camp followers, who survived all the followers:

"Cromwell I charge thee, fling away ambition
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself less cherish those hearts that hate thee,

Corruption wins not more than honesty,
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
Let all ends thou aim'st at be thou country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fallest,
O Cromwell,
Thou fallest a blessed martyr."

There is but an epitone of all the world has to give and take away done by one who has treaded all the pathas of honor and traversed all the ways of guilt, and found, when it was too late, how weak is the strength of pride, how poor the power of money. Believe me, the statesmanship, Democratic, Republican, or Populist, whatever statesmanship that does good to his country must appeal more to the moral nature of the people. (Applause.) It must indeed seek to follow the tradition of progress, and never forget the homely homespun sources from which we derive our life as a nation and as a people.

If I were delivering a sermon to the people of New England I would say to them don't imagine because you have struck these rocks with the rods of genius and virtue which nobody has bid you and have made them to blossom like the rose; don't imagine there are no other geniuses, no other virtues in the world. Go down south and bathe in the sunshine you shall find there, lop off some of the brittle edges of their southerner, some of their harder fibre, ad take a few lessons from their old-time planters' simplicity, honor and truth, and you will feel better for doing so—and you will be the better for doing so. (Applause.)

And if I was delivering a sermon to them same planters in the south I would say to them, gentlemen, all this clinging to paternalism and the shadow of paternalism and a paternalism which, if existed, exists no longer. And I assure you that the poorest fellow among the Yankees is just as good as you are, and in many things they know a great deal better than you do how to get on in the world. Send some of your boys up there to school, let them learn how to work for a living. In many cases it will be simply a revisitation of the home of the forefathers, for many of the greatest and proudest families in the south trace back their origin to the blood and loins of the Pilgrim fathers.

Thus I would bring the good that is in one section facce to face with the good in other section, instructing both in truth that high or low, that millionaires or workingmen that north and south. we are most homogenius people on the face of globe, that our differences are all purely local and external, and not racial, that Mississippi and Massachusetts are convertible terms, and that it requires but sixty days and a change of raiment to convert a typical Vermonter into a typical Texan. And thus I would lure our great republic away from the pitfalls that engulf all and plant it on the firm foundations of morality and manhood, the only genuine source of happiness and wealth. (Applause.)

Now my friends, I am done with this dissultory talk, and I have spoken to a little purpose if you have not followed the line and plumet of my thought. I know no workman as classes of workmen of to-day, who may not be the millionaire of to-morrow. I intreat you to take these things to your mind and heart and go away to-night feeling that we are all Americans, all workingmen, every one of us. (Applause.) All of us cannot get the capital prices, all of us cannot sit in the nigh places, and there is no one of us who may not be a happy man, a better citizen, and a more prosperous man because he is happy, loving work for work's sake, and his own work for his own sake: loving his wife and his children, his home and his neighbors, and his friends, and discovering all along the journey from the cradle to the grave, tongues in trees, running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything. (Applause.)

I thank you heartily for coming here and I bid you good-night (Applause.)

PRESS OPINIONS.

Here's Fairness.

A small Alliance store made an assignment last week. It has been carted around in the colums of every paper in the State. There were over 300 failures in the country, many of them ten and twenty times as large as the Alliance store, but hardly one of these papers mentioned them. Draw your own conclusions.—Progressive Farmer.

Old Fogy New York.

The New York papers are very old-fashioned. They want all the money to be made of gold, are opposed to electric street cars and to honesty. While they are doing that "white cap" organizations are being formed. "White caps" are a western product you know. Pretty soon this dark corner of the Universe will want all new things abolished and new things abolished and primitive customs to prevail. New York city has more fools and more rascals to the square inch than any other spot on the globe.—Progressive Farmer.

Ought to inspire Investigations.

Democratic friend, are not these horrible hard times under Grover Cleveland sufficient to induce you to at least read up on why so many people have concluded that a new party is necessary?—Missouri World.

Still Leaking.

Three months and ten days of Democratic administration and the government still loans money to rich banking corporations at one per cent.—Missouri World.

The Old North State Must go to the Rescue.

Marion Butler, the ardent champion of popular rights in the Old North State, President of its Alliance, Vice-President of the National and editor of that bright paper, THE CAUCASIAN, writes: "North Carolina will watch your campaign with much interest. The result in Virginia will have an important bearing upon the movement everywhere. Allow me to congratulate you upon the splendid paper you are publishing." We thank Brother Butler for his kind opinion, and assure him that the sympathy of our North Carolina is warmly cherished by us. We trust that they will not only "watch," but help by loaning us their champion for a few speeches. —Virginia Sun.

JEFFERSON AND JACKSON

Were Opposed to Banks of Issue Both State and National.

Andrew Jackson it was who said, "if congress has the right under the constitution to issue paper money, it was given them to be used by themselves, not to be delegated to individuals or banking corporations."

Thos. Jefferson it was who said: "Bank paper must be suppressed, and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation to whom it belongs. It is the only fund on which we can rely for loans, it is our only resource which can never fail us, and it is an abundant one for every necessary purpose."

If you believe in the doctrine of Jefferson and Jackson and have the manhood to back up your belief with your votes, what will you be acting with to-day? tf.

THE ROBBER TARIFF.

On last Saturday June 24, the Democratic party had been in power 20 weeks. During that time (according to anti-election statements) the "culminating atrocity" has robbed us of just $269,230,760. This must be charged up to them as they are in complete control and could, ere this, have wiped out every vestage of the "McKinley monstrosity." We propose to keep tab on this weekly, adding $13,461,538. Just watch how it grows and show the result to your Democratic neighbor.—Dakota Ruralist.

THE CAUCASIAN is so cheap at $1 a year that we must get 20,000 at $1.00 to be able to make a living out of it. When we offer for the next two weeks to send 5 copies 3 months it is not because we can afford to do it but because we are so anxious to get the truth before those who will not subscribe.

Subscribe to The Caucasian $1.00 per year.

THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

BROTHER SANDERLIN BEHIND A GEORGEOUS BANQUET OF RED JUNE ROSES. A SLANDER REFUTED. BRO. BELL JOINES THE RED-LEGGED GRASSHOPPER BRIGADE.

BRO. BARRETT OF THE N. C. CONFERENCE AND BRO. MCKESSON OF THE BILL FIFE SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL THEOLOGY AS OFFICE SEEKERS.

HOW ROBBINS LOST THE HAVANA CONSULSHIP.

Buck Kitchen's Civil Service Examination.

WASHINGTON, June 54.—I only learned to-day, to my great astonishment, that Bro. Sanderlin reached here two or three weeks ago. He is stopping at a fashionable boarding house up town and that accounts for my having missed him. I saw him to-day in his new office, and was well worth the trip through the broiling, blistering sun. Reclining in a big summer chair he looked every inch a philosopher. His office is on the top floor of the treasury building; is daintly furnished, and overlooks a pleasing landscape of Green lawn, luxurient flowers, and the broad, peaceful historic Potomac. Cool India matting covers the floor. A oriental vase of fragrant red June roses was on his desk. Here I thought is rest for both body and mind. I felt awkward and out of place with my dusty boots and cotton pocket handkerchief in the presence of such daintiness and elegance, but Bro. Sanderlin thoughtfully excused his horny, blue-eyed little typewriter and made me feel very much at home. He was dressed in a fashionably cut, blue broadcloth suit, but observing the wear and tear of my home-made clothes incident to an unexpected long sojourn here, he said that I musn't mind his tailor-made clothes—that he had only been in office a few days and being a stranger to everybody he wanted to make the best impression possible. He said that he was not a proud man, and that he didn't intend a big office should turn his head, and make him feel and act as if he were above his brother Alliancemen at home. He then told me all the ups and downs of his office. It seems that Bro. Elias Carr insisted that Simmons should employ him to canvass the State. He told Simmons that Bro. Sanderlin was a great man among the Baptist and that he could pull more wool over the farmers eyes in discussing the tariff than any man in the State. He predicted that nothing would be left of the independent movement when Bro. Sanderlin got through with it. You remember that Bro. Sanderlin was a candidate before the State convention for Governor, and he says Bro. Carr promised to support him for the nomination. He almost lost confidence in human nature when Bro. Carr went back on his promises. It was a great shock to him, and following so soon after the Boston bridge disaster he sustained a serious nervous prostration from which he had barely recovered when he entered the campaign. Simmons hesitated, and not until after he had consulted Senator Ransom did he consent to put him in the field. Ransom said "do it,and it will amount only to Sanderlin's boasting after the election that he saved the State." We all know what happened. With the exception of the riot at Burnsville, when the natives had a little fun shooting squirrels, by way of punctuating Bro. Sanderlin's lurid oratory about trace chains, tin cups, horse-shoe nails, and wool hats, it was a peaceful and inoffensive campaign. The Democrats here don't think it amounced to much. Ransom is quoted as disclaiming emphatically all responsibility for his appointment. He gives all the credit to Simmons, and says that the result of a trade between Simmons and Gov. Carr. Bro. Sanderlin doesn't take that view of the matter. He thinks his campaign broke the revolt against the Democratic party in the State, and elected Carr Governor. Feeling that way, of course, he is awfully put out that he should have been put off with an insignificant little place like a Deputy Auditorship, which only pays $2,250 per year. He says it is impossible for him to live here on that salary and support his family. I was very much touched when he pointed to the beautiful red roses on his desk and said, every one of them had a thorn. His office has no duties or responsibilities. Outside of signing the pay roll and drawing the salary twice a month, he has nothing to do. He is dreadfully apprehensive that the next Congress in a spasm of Holmanic economy will abolish the office as a sinecure. But small as it is Bro. Sanderlin had a time in getting it. He was promised everything from Asst. Sec'y. of the Treasury down to the place he finally got, and when he got it he didn't have it. There is a mistake somewhere, his commission went to the dead letter office! causing a delay of several days and a loss of salary. His Chief, the Auditor, is an Alabama man and looks very insignificant beside Bro. Sanderlin. I thought at once that their positions ought to be reversed, but the Alabamian was a member of the Alabama State Returning Board and an important factor in throwing out enough Kolb votes to defeat his election for Governor of the State. Bro. Sanderlin is not happy, I am sorry to say. He made some very rash promises during the campaign

(Continued on Second Page.)

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See advertisement of the State University in another column. The rapid and wholesome growth of the University is matter for State pride and rejoicing. In two years the student roll has grown from 198 to 316. $20,000 worth of repairs is being made on the buildings this summer; water works, baths, etc., are being supplied. The scholarship of the institution is being recognized everywhere as equal to that of the leading Universities, and soon we shall have in North Carolina the great Southern University. No mistake was made when Dr. Geo. T. Winston was made President of the institution. He is not only elevating the University, but is at the same time bringing it nearer the people.

"When we see grown men talking about government lending money at 1 per cent., free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1, crying out against political corruption and for reform while following leaders whose characters are a stench in the nostrils of honest men—refusing the counsel of such men as Cleveland, Mills, Carlisle and Vance, and consulting such imps of depravity as Macune and Butler, and such quacks and cranks as Peffer, Mrs. Lease and Tom Watson—when we view these things the temptation to laugh is irresistible when not overcome with pity.—Mecklenburg Times."

The people are very little concerned whether the editor of the Times laughs or "pitys." But as for the Alliance it can dispense with the company and wisdom of Cleveland and Carlisle as long as it is backed by the wisdom and democracy of Jeffersons and Jacksons.

The Fayetteville Observer talks about money and the representative of money. Now in our innocence we thought that money was itself a representative, that money was the representative of values, a medium of exchange, a mere convenience—a sign representing value or property. But the interests of the gold bugs makes it necessary to get up new definitions on finance, as the editor of the Observer is a suppliant at the feet of the "Mugwump, gold bug dispensation" it needs be that he will try his hand at new definitions that may suit the gold robbers and gamblers.

Have you heard of a bank breaking in France? It is the only important commercial and agricultural country that has not suffered more or less by the last tune given the screws of finance by the London and New York gold bugs. Why is this? It is because she is not a fool. It is because the gold bugs do not own her. She is not on a gold basis. She has her own financial system. She issues the money that is best for her own folks. And yet we have got some statesmen (?) who talk about us being forced to use the same kind of money that England does.

Notwithstanding the fact that the present financial policy of the Cleveland administration is precisely the same as that of President Harrison, the partisan Republican press denounce the Democratic administration for the present hard times. Cleveland and Carlisle merely continued the squeezing process inaugurated by Harrison and Foster. They are paying out gold for treasury notes and refusing to coin or use silver in any shape or form. The administration was changed, but the Rothschild policy was continued.

Your duty is not all performed when you subscribe for a reform paper and read it. The cause relies upon YOU individually to spread its principles and help in the making of converts. Loan your paper. Call your neighbor's attention to the strong points in its teachings. Get your neighbors to subscribe. Get them out to our meetings. Don't forget that you are an apostle of liberty, and have an every day work to do.

A number of Democratic papers have from time to time charged that the editor of this paper was negotiating with Judge Russell, J. C. Logan Harris, W. S. O'B. Roberson and others for the sale and delivery of the Republican party. When the Democrats wanted the help of the Republican party, Chairman Simmons negotiated with Chairman Eaves and his "Reliables" and the game worked.

The present financial crisis should cause business men to consider the financial reforms demanded by the Alliance and advocated by the People's party. We invite them to give the matter their study. It will not do for them to wait for the politicians to enlighten them. The politicians never originates or put forward a reform. He takes it up only when he finds that the people are interested in it.

THE "NON PARTISAN" WHISKEY SOCIETY.

The liquor dealers of North Carolina have organized. Their meeting was held in Raleigh for this purpose on Wednesday of last week. A paper to be called "The Plain Dealer" to be published in Raleigh, is to be the organ of the association. Mr. Sol Bear, of Wilmington, who was elected president of the association, said upon taking the position as such, that he was a Democrat, but if there was any effort made to use the organization so as to interfere with his political convictions, that he would then withdraw from the organization. That was very shrewdly put; there is no danger of the organization being used to interfere with the political convictions of a "Democrat."

Since the above was in type we notice the following special telegram from Raleigh, N. C., to the Richmond Dispatch:

"An interview with prominent members of the Liquor Dealers' Association shows that a large majority of them are in full accord with the Democratic party. They only ask that no prohibition plank be inserted in the platform of the party."

What does this mean? They "are in full accord with the Democratic party, and only ask that no prohibition plank be put in the platform of the party." In short the liquor men will use their money and drinks to elect the Democratic party as long as that party will serve the liquor men. As long as this game works everything will be lovely and the Liquor Dealers Organization will be strictly "non-partisan." But if the time should ever come when the Democratic bosses should do the liquor men like they did the Alliance, refuse to stand by them, and the liquor men should have the manhood to take independent action or to act with some other party, then they will at once have gone "into politics," and the Legislature will be called together (Lady Macbeth Caldwell screwing up their courage) to repeal the liquor men's charter. It is well enough for the liquor men to be thinking on these things, unless they think they can keep the bosses full of whiskey and in that way control, own and run the machine themselves. We think they can do this.

NEWS AND COMMENT.

Elections in Germany.

The result of the elections in Germany show a slight gain for the Emperor, but his policy has not been approved by the people. There will be in the new Reichstag, 121 against his army extension bill and 101 votes for it. Later. The Emperor claims a majority of one.

Sylvester Pennoyer was elected governor of Oregon, we are told by the New York Tribune, through "an inscrutable providence and a populist upheaval." The Tribune may not realize it, but this makes pretty good backing.

Gov. Davis H. Waite of Colorado, who left the republican party and supported the populists last fall, was recently given an opportunity to return to the fold. He declined, and when asked what reforms he would recommend to the republican party to adopt, referred the inquirer to the Omaha platform.

Did you know that a big anti-Trust Convention was held over two weeks ago in Chicago? If you only read a daily that takes the press dispatches for its news you don't know it. Why is it that so big a thing is not noticed by the news syndicate. Because the news syndicate belongs to the money power and the other trusts.

The Legislature of Massachusetts passed a resolution calling upon Congress to take charge of the telegraphs and telephones of the country for the use of the public. Why is it that the press syndicate did not report this? Because it is simply the mouth-piece of money. It suppresses and blinds the truth when it is to the interest of monopoly to do so.

A few days since a certain Democrat said that corporations and capital would always rule for they had the talent on their side. How is this? We thought Democracy was opposed to the rule of corporations. How did the Democratic party get in power? The only explanation there is for it, is that when the party that is now in power is called Democratic, that it is a lie pure and simple. There is no Democracy in it. Then again without respect to parties we resent the charge that the money of the monopolists can buy all the talent of the country. Some of the brains of this country has some honor and manhood associated with it.

The New York World says that it is bad policy to spend gold to buy silver, and that therefore the present silver law should be repealed. This kind of rot will no longer fool the people. Every intelligent and well informed man knows that the administration buys bullion with silver certificates, and that it could and should redeem these same certificates with silver dollars.

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THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

[Continued from first page.]

repealing the McKinley Bill and the Free Coinage Bill and he is worried to death the hopeless of the situation as he now sees it. His face assumes a long doxology look when the shadows of broken promises flits across it and his ever mellifous voice takes on a benediction pathos when he recurs to the late campaign. If there is an innocent, guileless man in the world it is Bro. Sanderlin, and he is just the man to be victimized by the vultures who fatten upon the government in Washington. I was apprehensive that some unpleasantness would come to him but I did not expect it would come so soon, and in the shapein which it has come. It is reported by one of the wicked female clerks in his office that he wears PANTELETTS! It is an outrageous slander, and is the work of some creature who wants to belittle him on account of his Alliance antecedents and associations at home. I write about it now so that his host of friends throughout the State may be warned against the story as it appears in one of the New York papers.

HAS JOINED THE RED-LEGGED GRASSHOPPER BRIGADE.

Bro. Bell left yesterday for his summer vacation. He marched at the head of the Cleveland procession last March. His step was proud and strong, and his bearing was that of a conquering hero. He was profusely decorated with gay and resplendent democratic emblems and mottoes. The Hurrah! of his voice was heard above the screams of the Tammany tiger and vied with the tumultous strains of a thousand brass horns. It was the voice of victory! The day was a godless one. A hurricane swept Pennsylvania Avenue. The stoutest men quailed before its fierce cruel, biting blasts, but Bell was in it at the finish. It was the proudest day of his life he said afterwards. He was bouyant, sanguine, expectant, hilarious. When the question was asked, "What will Bell get," the prompt answer was, "Whatever he wants." After his sorrowful leave taking yesterday some one asked, "What did Bell get" and a swearing man who is in the same hole with Bell and knows how it is, replied, "Not a d—d thing." But the swearing man didn't know it all. It was a dry ghostly, grin that illuminated Bro. Bell's face as he said good-bye. I saw that he was suppressing something, and something he wanted to tell me about. It troubled me. His manner said, "the democrats have lied to me all the way through, but I'll get even with them yet." My first impulse was to board the train and give him a chance to unbosom his soul. A little inquiry, however, in the right direction discovered the secret: Bell has joined the "Democratic League of Red-Legged grasshoppers!" About the first of July he will be appointed a revenue store-keeper, guager, or raider. I rejoice at this happy consumation. "Bell and his Winchester" will be the new Democratic war cry in the mountain counties, and every "moonshiner" shall bite the dust, rot in the Albany penitentiary or vote the Democratic ticket. It is a happy solution. Bell is a manly fellow and he didn't relish his experience in Raleigh last winter when Simmons pensioned him on the legislature as a witness against the "Gideon Band." Then, as now, the places were all given out, but his testimony was important and they made a place for him. They were perfectly willing to support him at the public's expense. Poor Bell, he stayed around here month after month a typical office-hunter. One day up in the clouds with visions of a big fat salary—followed the next day by a perilous decent into the depths of woe and disappointment, until finally the pie counter gave out, and the poor fellow left here a walking skeleton. It is a lesson for the generation that is now coming on, and there is material enough in it for a whole summer's reflections.

THE PREACHERS MAKE A RAID ON THE PIE COUNTER.

My stay in Washington has prepared me for almost anything, yet I am constantly surprised at what happens. Mr. Cleveland inquired sometime ago if an epidemic of any kind prevailed in North Carolina. When assured to the contrary, he said his reason for asking, was the number of people in the State who wanted foreign appointments. Now what is the matter with the preachers at home? Bro. Sanderlin of the Baptist church was the first applicant for an office. Then followed Bro. Barrett of the North Carolina Conference, who has been here for several months in quest of Democratic pie. He wears long Pefferian whiskers, gordon sash, chipper looking Paroma straw, and shows no signs of superannuation. Is alert, active, and persistent, rises with the sun, and retires long after the hot air from the blistered pavements has been cooled by the approuching dawn. Judged by the ment al and physical activity there is at least twenty years of promising missionary work ahead of him. "Tell it not in Gath," but it is so. Another clerical arrival is young Bro. McKesson of the western part of the State. He belongs to the Bill Fife school of theology and has no regular orthodox ecclesiastical relations. He is a poet, lecturer, and exhorter and is known as the Demosthenese of the South Mountains. Until the last election he was an uncompromising Republican. He left the Republican party, it is said, on account of the Force Bill plank in the Republican platform. It was a sudden conversion, for in every campaign for the last twenty years—he had thundered indignant protest against Democratic iniquity in disfranchising the negro voters by illegal suppression. He was assigned to duty by Simmons in the famous moonshine country, known in revenue geography as the South Mountains. He worked with all the zeal of a new convert. Democrats pointed to his conversion and achievements with pride. He said himself that the one ambition of his life was to be able to say with David Bennett Hill, "I am a Democrat." Everybody said it was a genuine conversion, and that Bro. McKesson would spurn the idea of reward in connection with it. No doubt Bro. McKesson felt so at the time, but he has the reputation of being a very godly and pious man and now that his ambition to become a Democrat has been realized the thing most dear to his heart is to reform and evangelize the Internal Revenue service. The "moonshiner" is now the object of his greatest solicitude. With the aid of a Gospel Wagon he believes that the moral reform, so imperative in the civilization of the South Mountains, is easy of accomplishment. Bro. McKesson is an applicant for general store-keeper of all the whiskey distilleries in western North Carolina. His eminent qualification have been submitted to Internal Revenue Commissioner Miller, and the impression here is that he will receive the appointment. In speaking about the matter, the Commissioner admitted that it was a doubtful, if not hazardous, experiment, but in deference to the novelty of the idea, he was disposed to try it.

HOW ROBBINS LOST THE HAVANA CONSULSHIP.

For sometime Congressman Henderson appears to have susiained a great sorrow. He is a high church Episcopalian, worships at St. John's—where they burn red candles and sweet smelling wood, preach in Latin, and sing in French opera. He is a solemn looking man at all times, yet those who know him intimately say that his hiliarity at times is unbounded. His laugh, when he does augh, is beyond the power of discription. It is a nerve-distracting noise which strikes you with the suddenness of a country hotel gang or a cyclone. But alas! no one hears that laugh any more, and it is all due to a recent visit he made to the White House in company with Mr. Robbins, who was an applicant for the Havana Consulship The President wanted a man for this appointment who could not tell a "Havana filler" from an "American wrapper," and who was free from the use of tobacco. Robbins squared himself in front of the President, after his reduction, and made a rattling Democratic speech that would have done justice to an Andrew Jackson Birthday banquet. That was all right, but in a fatal moment—during a pause in the conversation—he scratched a blue sulphur match on the frescoed walls of the Presidents library, and lighted a cigar! It was then the Havana Consulate went up in smoke. Henderson swooned, and it was several days before he had the nerve to cross the White House threshold again. The President immediately issued his memorable order closing the White House doors to office-seekers. Whether the order was due to this incident, or not, I do not know, but it is quite certain that the incident lost Robbins the Havana Consulship. When last here Robbins was beligerent and war-like—threatening to "demolish the whole concern"—Ransom, Henderson, Cleveland and all. Now he is as gentle as a cooing dove in early June. He wants "a great big place" he says, if he can get it, and if he can't get that, he wants "a place of some kind," and if he can't get that he will go back home and go to work. Henderson's friends are very anxious that he shall be sent abroad, hoping before they die to hear once more his old time laugh.

BUCK KITCHIN'S APPOINTMENT.

I have not seen anywhere in print about the story of Buck Kitchen's appointment. "Buck" made a pump-handle of Cleveland's name, both before and after his nomination. He honestly believed all he said about Cleveland being a "mugwump," "a plutocrat," "a goldbug," "a Wall street tool," "a Force Bill advocate," "and no better than a Republican." "Buck" is a tumultous fellow, with more brawn than brains, and reminds one of a buzz-saw when it strikes a fat pine knot. He is a man of great physical prowess, and when he got on the back of Grover's big neck everybody thought he would get the better of it, but it was too much for him. After desperate, futile attempts he fell off with a dead thud, and but for the timely presence of Tom Emery, he might have sustained a permanent disability. His recuperative power soon asserted itself. Mr. Cleveland, he thought, was too big a man to notice the vaporings of a backwoods politician like himself, and immediately after the result of the election was known, it was announced that he was a candidate for the Collectorship of the Eastern District. Ransom told him he was a fool—that Cleveland would see him in perdition first, and promised to have him appointed a special agent of the Treasury Department. The appointment was not made at once, and growing impatient and uneasy about it he came on here to see after it. He served in congress with Secretary Carlisle, and thought he had a dead sure thing of it. But instead of the special agents position he was appointed inspector of customs at $4.00 per day while on duty, with no allowance for expenses. "Buck" got hot in the collar and told the little $1200 republican clerk, (who parted his hair in the middle and wore the tail end of his shirt around his neck,) who was putting him through a Civil Service examination, to "go to the devil with his place—that he was no millionaire wanting office for the honor of the thing, nor a pauper compelled to take whatever was offered him." Among the technical questions asked was, "What is a cuspidor, and its uses?" It was this question that proved "the straw that broke the camels back." Buck rose in his wrath and indignation and preemtorily demanded of the "dude" that he be shown out of the building. He admitted afterwards he was not certain that he knew "what the devilish thing was," but he had an idea what it was, and didn't propose to be made a fool of. What he said to Ransom when he got to the hotel about the occurrence, I have solemnly promised not to tell. Buck is a member of the church "In good standing," and if what he said was known there would certainly be trouble somewhere. But "all is well that ends well." He got the expense allowance, but didn't get the special agents place. "There by hangs a tail." The moral of it is, that the anti-Cleveland crowd is not in it to any great extent.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

THE HIDDEN CITY.

By WALTER H. M'DOUGALL.

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CHAPTER IX.
IN CHALPA'S HANDS.

Here they released it with a toss into the air.

Now Iklapel and Kulcan had conceived a plan which delighted them both beyond measure, and their thoughts ran in this wise: Instead of a Katun feast of horrors, bloody sacrifices and dread sights that brutalized the people and made them cruel and hard hearted, they would have a marriage feast! And the bridegroom would be the wonder worker, Quetzal, and the bride Lela, the daughter of Atzlan. The audacity of this scheme staggered them at first, but they grew familiar with the thought as they pondered it, and were pleased with themselves mightily. But it was a long time before they approached Eric upon the subject.

When they did they were fortified with many grave reasons and convincing arguments with which to overcome all possible objections, but to their surprise he fell in with their views at once But he said:

"Not I, but Lela, must decide the question, my friends. Let us go to her and ask her now."

They went to her apartment, and as they entered she perceived that they had come upon some more than ordinary errand. She paled as she gazed upon their serious faces, and looked from one to another with questioning glances.

Taking her hand Eric spoke:

"My Lela, Iklapel and Kulcan have discovered, I know not how, that we love one another, and they wish to have, instead of a human sacrifice at the feast of the Katun, a marriage feast, to make it a day of gladness and rejoicing, and they have chosen us as the victims. I have left the decision to you."

She hid her face upon his shoulder, and they had no other answer. In fact when she raised her head they had both departed and gone about their business.

In the midst of his happiness Eric was seized with a feeling of insecurity, a foreboding of evil, which was in truth the prelude to a period of illness. After battling with it for awhile he resolved to avail himself of the only means of reaching the outside world by releasing his long captive carrier pigeon. Many a time its soft eyes had petitioned for freedom, many a time he had almost opened the wicker cage, but had checked the generous impulse, determined to await the hour of need. Somehow it seemed to him that the time had now arrived.

He wrote the message upon a piece of squirrel skin, the parchment of the priests, and fastened it to the pigeon's tail. The bird looked bright and well: it seemed eager to be off as it gazed at him with its head on one side and struggled to free its wings. Lela took it from his hands, for it had long been her pet, and covering it with her scarf she carried it up to the temple top where no one would observe them. Here they released it with a toss into the air.

Straight as an arrow in its flight, for five hundred feet it darted up, then began to circle in ever widening sweeps, faster and faster, ever higher, ever stronger as its wings gained power, until at last, high in the firmament, it passed beyond their vision, and the canyon wall shut it ont. They stood silently watching until it had gone from view; then Eric said with a sigh of satisfaction:

"He's well off! Now if no hawk seizes him, nor hunter bag him, he will be in San Francisco in a few days."

"And then?" she inquired dubiously.

"Then? Well, then in a few more days perhaps you will see other men of my kind, many of them, maybe—and maybe, too, you will find some one far more to your liking." He looked slyly at her, but she scorned to reply. She was so sure there was no man like him in all the wide world that she could smile at the very thought.

That night in her dreams she followed the bird in his flight over the desert and the mountains, and it seemed that it was in sight of a fair city, but suddenly a hawk with the face of Chalpa swooped down and struck it to the earth, then devoured it at his leisure. She awakened with a shudder, glad to find it but a dream. She did not tell it to Eric, for she was superstitious and feared it would trouble him.

The very next day the council of the Katun was called. Its duty was to select a victim and arrange for the great feast. It was composed of twelve priests, the office being hereditary, the only hereditary office in Atzlan. Some of them were old, but the majority were men under thirty. Chalpa was the chief of this council and one of the three who cast the fatal lot to decide which of the twenty maidens selected by the council should die.

The council was in secret session eighteen days; no one knew its decision, not even the high priest, and the result of its deliberations would not be known until a week before the feast. Th would be the week of the election, and the public mind was in a ferment; all pursuits were neglected, and the people spent their time discussing these two topics from morn until night. Chalpa was seen everywhere, using all the arts of the politician; the priests were busy at all hours; the maidens, with fearful eyes and blanched cheeks, wept and wove shrouds for themselves, for no one knew who would be taken.

In the midst of all Eric became ill from overwork and lay for ten days in a delirious fever, tenderly nursed by Lela and Jan-ila, but unconscious of their presence. She rarely left his bedside, administering to him the medicines he had placed at his side—as he had instructed her when he felt the fever gaining upon him—and giving him the food that Jan-ila prepared; hanging over him in tender brooding when he slept, or standing at his side in terrified agony when he raved in his delirium—talking to those demons whom he saw, she thought, menacing his life.

Her sweet face was the first he saw when the fever left him, and he opened his eyes with speculation and reason in them. He lay there looking at her for a while, [illegible] and the dawning light was gleaming in her golden hair. He saw that she was pale and wan with anxious watching, and her eyes, that looked so mournfully out over the meadow, had dark blue shadows under them. She sighed as a breath of scented air came, full of spring's promises, in at the open window, and turned to find his dark eyes with love's gentle gleam in them fastened upon her face. She gave a little start and then came hastily beside him and took his hand. She was not yet certain that this was a new phase of the fever, but he turned his face to her as he pressed her hand and said:

"Dear heart, how long have I been ill?"

"Oh, so long, so long, my own—ten long, dreadful days—and I feared that I should lose you! But you will get well, sweet heart. You will not leave your poor Lela!"

"No, dear, I will not leave you. I shall recover first now, I think, and you—my own—you look so pale and tired! Go and rest and get some color in those white cheeks."

She laid her head on the pillow beside him and looked deep into his eyes. After awhile her own lids drooped, and in a moment she slept, with a contented smile upon her lips. The blue veins in her forehead made her skin look like purest marble as she lay there. Her sweet breath fanned his cheeks as he gazed upon her, fair and childlike, yet a woman in the full bloom of her rare beauty—perfect—the very dream of an artist or poet.

When he left his bed and could walk to his window and look forth, lo! the spring had stolen upon the canyon suddenly and sweetly! The sight of green meadows, the blossoming trees, the snipe darting in zigzag flights across the long, easy swing of the swallows as they skimmed the water, sent the blood coursing through his veins, and he felt his strength returning in a rush. But he had been near to death's door, and the fact was known to the people of Atzlan. It strengthened Chalpa's position immensely.

"This is no god!" he proclaimed. "'Tis but a man, for lo! he is dying! His breath is as ours. Shall we worship a god who can become ill as we can?"

Then Eric began to fancy, as he lay in his bed at night, that he heard prowling footsteps about his house, but Jan-ila, watching jealously, could not detect any prowlers. But Eric put his revolver in his bed and kept it there. He awoke at dawn one morning and lay watching the rose tints grow and gleam along the canyon's castellated brows. Soft pearly shadows mingled with the rose, and deep, sullen blood crimson hung in the crevices of the rocks. Above was all sulphur and gold red, shooting up in long streamers across the clear, cool blue of the sky. He heard the peewee call and the shrill "tsee tee" of the snipe. Then a robin burst out in a rich, rollicking matin song that made his heart swell with a queer mixture of joy and sadness.

It was all so sweet to come back to and so touching to him, softened by illness, that the tears almost came into his eyes. Then as he looked he saw a dark hand and arm appear at his window. The hand held a bunch of small, pale green berries, and it shook nervously as they were squeezed, and a few drops of grayish white juice fell into his water jar, which stood on the window sill.

In a second he had fired at the hand, but missed his aim. Jan-ila awoke with a startled yell and stood dazed for a moment, then rushed to the window. No one was in sight, but a minute later people began to emerge upon the housetops and peer about. Others hurried to Eric's dwelling to ascertain the meaning of Quetzal's thunder. All joined in the search for the wretch who had attempted his life, but he had left no trace. The circumstance put Eric upon his guard. He realized that the enemy was willing to resort to the sternest means to accomplish their end, and he once more put on his belt and holster and carried his revolver wherever he went.

This attempt upon his life, however, was adroitly used to Chalpa's disadvantage, for he alone was known to be inimical to Eric, and the election, which took place two days later, was lost to him by only twenty-two votes. The priests and the heads of families alone voted, and the latter were largely influenced by the dastardly attack upon Eric's life—placing it entirely to Chalpa's account.

The latter gave no sign of the rage that consumed him, but smiled as craftily as ever when the votes were counted. He congratulated Kulcan with the suavity of an Italian diplomat, for he had not played his last card, and he was now resolved upon a desperate measure. He now knew the strength of his party and the staff of which his partisans were made, and in another week he would rid himself of his principal obstacles and come out triumphant. Another week and the Feast of the Katun would be held. He alone knew the name of the doomed maiden whose life would go out that week as a sacrifice to the god of centuries. On the morrow he would announce it, and he felt the thrill of horror which would creep over the city when the name was heard.

That same morning Jan-ila, arising and going forth for a matutinal plunge, found a roll of cotton cloth upon the doorsill. It contained a white stone, with these words upon it:

"Thou art God, and knowest they have chosen Lela for the sacrifice. Wake and spare not."

He hurried back to Eric, and the reading of the words gave the latter a shock which unmanned him for several minutes as their dire meaning crept fully upon his mind. He sent for Iklapel and Kulcan. The younger priest was horrified and amazed.

"Could he dare!" he cried. "The fiend! To wreak such a revenge! I cannot believe that he would do such an act. Even he, reckless and cruel as he is, would hesitate to bring such a thing to pass. Has he lost his senses?"

"What do you mean?" asked Eric. "Of whom are you speaking?"

"Chalpa, the head of the council; he who casts the lots and decides the fatal dice throwing! Chalpa the cheat and liar!" cried Kulcan, throwing his arms up wildly. "I fear him not, the scoundrelly assassin!"

Iklapel peered at the youth under his shaggy eyebrows, the fire in his dark eyes blazing somber and low.

"Does any brother believe that Chalpa can cheat; that he would dare to deceive the other two judges, the whole city and Quetzal?"

"Can cheat? Dare?" cried Kulcan. "He can, and he dare, and I will face him with the charge! My sister shall not be the sacrifice!"

"No," said Eric quietly, "she shall not, even if Chalpa has to be taken off to check his too pious zeal. I don't want to kill him, but I certainly shall if he resolves to sacrifice her."

"Yes, you are right," said the old priest. "What can we do?"

"We must get Lela here and keep her until we can arrange matters," Eric replied. "She must come tonight, for she will be safe here. I could defend this house, with Kulcan and Jan's help, against a thousand Atzlans."

"We will go for her at once," cried Kulcan excitedly. "Come, Jan-ila!"

"No, not now—not in daylight—they will suspect!" cried Iklapel. "We must prevent an open conflict; we must win by peaceful means if possible, unless he makes the announcement this afternoon. In that case we must resort to extreme measures."

They dispersed. Eric and Jan-ila immediately prepared for a siege, filling the windows with slabs of stone to resist arrows, and provided food and water enough for several days' use. Iklapel stationed himself at the temple to send the news if the announcement was made, while Kulcan guarded Lela.

At sunset Iklapel's messenger came. Chalpa had announced that Lela was to be the Katun sacrifice—the news was in everybody's mouth. Eric sent Jan-ila to Lela at once and kept guard at the house. His pistol was in his holster at his belt, his rifle in the large room, while several axes and spears—sharp and keen steel—lay ready for Kulcan and Jan-ila.

It grew darker, and they did not appear. The city was strangely silent. He could hear none of the usual evening sounds. A deep, solemn hush hung over all, and the splashing of the river against the bowlders came clear to his ears in the falling shadow. He stepped outside and stood before the door, and his tall figure was outlined darkly against the light within. He had almost resolved to desert his post when he descried two figures approaching, one of them apparently Iklapel. He walked toward them, and noticing that their blankets almost covered their heads stopped short and peered into their faces as they came up to him.

The stooping figure, so like Iklapel in its mimicry, straightened up before him suddenly, and at the same instant he was seized from behind in a viselike grip and thrown to the ground. He struggled to release his arms and draw his revolver, but his assailants had increased in numbers. A gag was forced into his mouth, and his arms were bound behind him. He was allowed to lie there for a moment, and then they raised him to his feet. He saw that he was surrounded by a number of men in priests' robes, but it was too dark to recognize any of them. He looked in vain for Chalpa's face, but the priest was not visible. One of the band went into his house, and bringing forth the candle led the way into the pinon orchards, the rest following with Eric, who, resisting sullenly in unavailing self censure, was carried bodily.

They hurried him along, as though fearing pursuit, through the orchards, along the river again until they came to the ancient burial place, where they halted a moment to be joined by Chalpa. His black eyes gleamed in fierce joy as he leaned over Eric and smiled his cruelest smile, so full of hate and fiendish satisfaction that it chilled his captive's heart for a moment.

"Ah, our pale Quetzal has lost his power! Why does he not strike his servant dead with his eyes? Where is his strength now? If he be a god, let him now save himself. See," he said, turning to his fellow priests, "See the sick, weak god; how he lies there pale and helpless! Why does he not call forth his thunder and strike us dead?"

"Show us now thy mighty magic, O wonder worker," cried another, "before we entomb thee forever!"

"He does not answer," added Chalpa in mock pity. "He is silent before his servants. Speak, O doer of strange deeds, and speak thy last, for silenced you will be forever this night."

Eric made no attempt to speak, knowing that the effort would but provoke their derision, and they raised him again, carrying him to a ruined mass of ancient tombs. Here they placed him, and while one held the flickering light the others removed several flat stones, revealing an opening large enough to admit a man. Into this they crawled, one after another, and pushed Gilbert, feet first, into what he found to be a great square passageway choked with debris. One man remained on guard at the entrance; the rest followed the light in Chalpa's hand down the inclined passage.

The air was cool in the passage, but not damp, and the light flickered now and then as they proceeded. He noticed several branching passages, but his bearers followed the main one until they came to its lowest depth, where it seemed to ascend beyond to a still farther distance. Here they laid him down and drew back—all but Chalpa—who, standing over him with a scowl of hate, addressed him, holding the light close to his face.

"Fool, to think to outwit Chalpa, the rattlesnake, the wily serpent! Know you not how many men have died who crossed the rattlesnake's path? Their bones are whitening in secret places; their bones know them no more; their memory even is faded and gone—even as yours will be—for Kinchahan, our god, loves his servant and hates all false gods; therefore I leave you to him here in the darkness. Listen and you will hear the river running overhead; we are now beneath its bed. You will have time to listen to its voice and be lulled to sleep. No one will disturb your dreams this night, O false god, for here man never comes. You will sleep the sleep that comes to all who anger Chalcn, the dread one."

With one last bitter glance of hatred Chalpa left him. Eric saw the light grow dim as his captors went up and along the tunnel, and then it disappeared. When the footfalls ceased he heard the solemn sound above him, which told him that the river rolled over his head. He realized that he was in one of the most ancient of the crypts of which Iklapel had informed him, so old that it had been forgotten long ages ago.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALLIANCE SPEAKING.

Bro. J. T. B. Hoover will address the brethern at the following places on the days named in behalf of the Business Agency of the State Alliance:

MARTIN COUNTY.

Robersonville, . . . June 30th.
Williamston, . . . July 1st.

Speaking at 11 o'clock a. m.

Dr. Cyrus Thompson, State Lecturer, will address the Alliance and public generally at Farmville, Pitt county, July 4th, and Greenville, July 5th, at 11 a. m.

Sample of Shoes, clothes, etc., will be shown, and the benefits to be derived by the purchase of supplies, especially guanos, through the agency, will be fully explained. Only four appointments in each county. Let those near the places of speaking attend. Speaking at 11 o'clock a. m. Other appointments will follow.

Fraternally
W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.

IF YOU WISH

To help the cause of reform get your neighbors to read THE CAUCASIAN. Send for a bundle of sample copies and give one to each of your neighbors. You will then be sure to be able to get us a club.

A GOLDBUG SCHEME.

A Western Democratic Newspaper Means Ruin For the South and West.

The financial policy which is gratifying to those who believe the Democratic party ought to look after in the intercests of the Standard Oil company and other corporations controlling stockholders may have no objection to individual campaign funds, frankly taking stock so that they understand it clearly.

The attempt is to be made to [illegible] and as a means of doing this those who are "bulling" gold will [illegible] banks of issue which will be [illegible] banks in everything but the name, in fact that if the attempt to [illegible] the national debt fails almost [illegible] of collateral will be used as the basis for bank notes.

The whole issue here turns on this point—that under the federal constitution the state cannot make a thing legal tender.

It is intended to issue a flood of notes under alleged state authority, really under a national law, which, however, will not make the notes necessarily current outside the state in which they are issued.

While the single gold standard is [illegible] for the national currency, necessary result of the issue of notes, to be ultimately redeemed if redeemed at all, will be to increase the demand for gold and thus to increase the already exaggerated [illegible] premium on it.

Under this beautiful arrangement the same people who control the [illegible] mortgage debt on the farms and [illegible] of the south and west would control here and through their local agents "state banks" and flood us with [illegible] currency issued on the stock of companies or on the mortgages held on our own farms and homes, not a dollar of this stuff would be able to pay in discharging the [illegible] mortgage debt we owe them. [illegible] would hold the federal treasury, gold standard, and their own [illegible] causing local inflation with the notes would furnish them [illegible] arguments against "cheap money" against relaxing the gold standard in national finance.

If this plan could be put in force [illegible] could be subjected to this local [illegible] accompanied by national contraction [illegible] would increase the price of all we have to buy from the northeast, while the increased demand for gold caused by the issue of bank notes redeemable in gold would surely and swiftly decrease the price of all our exports. Our cotton, our wheat, our corn and our provisions would be forced down as gold was forced up and higher by the conspiracy.

Unless the south and west [illegible] gether to resist this infamous [illegible] unless they speak out to [illegible] of the good but ignorant men [illegible] being used as the tools of these [illegible] we will be ruined. No greater [illegible] ever threatened the country [illegible] threatened by this conspiracy to [illegible] silver out of the national currency [illegible] to supply its place with local notes [illegible] redeemable in gold.

The attempt is made to turn the [illegible] of the advocates of popular rights [illegible] vide the south and west, to use the [illegible] forces which have made the [illegible] free coinage and to assure practical [illegible] control of the national finances [illegible] years to come. It is believed that [illegible] can be done by this seductive device [illegible] plenty of worthless bank notes.

For our own sake, for the [illegible] people, for the maintenance of the [illegible] of the earners of the country, we [illegible] insist that the sovereign power of [illegible] all forms of money belongs to [illegible] the sovereign people and is not to be [illegible] delegated to any banking corporation [illegible] national or state.

The issue is distinctly made [illegible] the free coinage of silver as [illegible] money, good to pay all debts, [illegible] free printing of unlimited [illegible] as a local currency good to pay [illegible]

The "Napoleons of finance" who [illegible] behind this impudent and [illegible] scheme know that it would [illegible] country, but they know, too, that [illegible] would be immense profit in it for [illegible] gold manipulators and for the [illegible] ists who through such local agents [illegible] Zimri, Dwiggins would be the [illegible] partners in the banks founded [illegible] money plentiful."—St. Louis Republic.

A Radical View.

One of the last places where a [illegible] reformer would expect to see [illegible] doctrine on money is in the [illegible] bound Atlantic Monthly of Boston. [illegible] E. B. Andrews has an article in the Atlantic on "Money as an International Question" that is not only radical, but has a sonic what new idea. He says that many very intelligent writers [illegible] the mistake of confounding the [illegible] general prices with the intrinsic [illegible] ing of commodities.

"That many manufactured [illegible] have long been decreasing in [illegible] cost is a great blessing, but it was necessary that general prices should [illegible] and this, I maintain, has been a [illegible] lute and unmitigated curse to [illegible] civilization. Mark, it is not low [illegible] which I condemn. High and low [illegible] relative terms. The continual [illegible] prices, the act of sinking is the [illegible] thing. None profits from it but [illegible] and we may be sure that no [illegible] state is going to legislate to keep [illegible] falling when it is once seen that [illegible] injures all but the very few [illegible] give people who live upon their [illegible]

Not Dying Very Fast.

The Populists may be [illegible] Texas, but the indications do not [illegible] rant the belief. There are [illegible] 53 full fledged, live, weekly papers [illegible] one daily. Every week these papers [illegible] out words of truth, which are [illegible] ing every corner and nook of the [illegible] try. The "spawn in the cabin by the wayside" are being educated [illegible] beginning of the next campaign [illegible] prehend there will be at least 100 [illegible] published in Texas advocating the [illegible] fia demands.—Southern Mercury.

The People Pay.

The presidential party on its [illegible] tour to New York and Chicago had [illegible] use of a splendid train of palace [illegible] Not a cent was charged by the [illegible] and not a cent was paid by our [illegible] aire president.

The distinguished naval officers [illegible] ceived the same "courtesies" from [illegible] Pennsylvania railroad.

Such as this explains why it is so [illegible] to reach the corporations by law. [illegible] tickle the big bugs, and the big [illegible] tickle them. See?

The common travelers pay their [illegible] or get kicked off the train.

The man most able to pay rides [illegible] while the man of less means has to [illegible] not only for himself, but for his [illegible] neighbor.

Nice system, ain't it?

Government ownership would stop [illegible] that and would put every citizen [illegible] the same footing.—Thomas E. Watson in People's Party Paper.

Chairman Gaither of the Alabama [illegible] committee of the People's Party says: "The Populists propose to take the [illegible] at once for next year's campaign. [illegible] will commence beating the bushes [illegible] once and will show by the time Christmas comes that we are in the field to [illegible]

THE CAUCASIAN.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., JUNE 29, '93.

WAYNE COUNTY.

WATCH FOR THE BLUE CROSS

A blue cross opposite your name means that your subscription will expire before the end of the month; and if you desire the paper go to you any longer you must send in your renewal by that time. The low price of the paper makes it JUST OUT OF THE QUESTION to send it longer than it is paid for. Be governed accordingly.

T. M. Merritt come in with the first cotton blossom of the season. It bears date of June 24th 6 o'clock a. m.

Remember that Dr. J. M. Templeton of Raleigh, will deliver an address at the court house on the 4th of July, at 8 o'clock p. m. The Dr. is a fine speaker, and it will be a rare treat to hear him no doubt.

We are requested to announce that there will be a celebration at Nahunta Church on the 4th of July. An address will be delivered at 10:30 a. m. by Dr. J. M. Templeton of Raleigh, and at night a Democrat Gold medal contest. Everybody are invited to go and hear a treat.

Our regular price for inserting notices is ten cents per line, except Administrators and Executors notices, which is regulated by law. Obituaries however will be inserted at half price. The cash must accompany each notice. To know how much cash to send with your notice, calculate six words to the line.

Thieves effected an entrance into a store or two on west Walnut street a few nights since. They were evidently on the hunt for money, as they did not interfere with anything else. They were supposed to be tramps and therefore did not know that there is but little of the "filthy lucre" in circulation down here; fooled by jingo.

We failed to call attention of the patrons of the paper, in our last issue to the advertisement of Messrs Johnson, Hooks and Summerlin. These gentlemen are all practical workmen and to give them patronage is to lend a helping hand to the upbuilding of that class who are obeying the Divine injunction "earn thy bread in the sweat of thy brow," which is your plain duty.

It is reported that the Board of education of Wayne county are discriminating against those who are of a different political faith of the board, and have been heard to say they will not point democrats as school committemen, even should they be so illiterate as to be unable to write their names. Now it is not every time that a man with an education (even such an one as should lead the board of magistrates to believe they are qualified to serve on the board of education) is everything else but an ass, we will admit, but it strikes us very forcibly, that a school committeeman should have some education, unless the very fact of his being a democrat is qualification enough. We will have something to say about this matter which, as the Irishman would say, we have the time and the opportunity.

It is with sadness that we have to announce the death in this city, on Monday the 26th instant, of Mrs. Ollie Mangum, wife of Mr. T. B. Mangum of THE CAUCASIAN force. Only sixty days ago it was our pleasure to announce her happy marriage at Gaffney City, S. C., and today it is our painful duty to chronicle her death. It is indeed sad to see one die so young, when life seemed so bright and inviting, just upon assuming the pleasant duties of a wife, in the honey-moon, but God in His inscrutible wisdom, saw it best to call her home. Her death was an affecting one and affecting as it was let us withal a profitable one, for but the ransomed can die such a death. But a few moments before her spirit took its eternal flight, she spoke of the beautiful world before her and begged all to meet her, and with her young husband's hand lovingly clasped in her's, she sang in clear and sweet, "God be with us till we meet again." This was the death of its horrors and a balm to those left behind, that beyond this vale of tears there is immortal bliss awaiting the faithful.

Mrs. Mangum was about 23 years of age, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chesterfield Scruggs, of Gaffney City, S. C.

Gov. Altgeld of Illinois has pardoned the three men convicted as anarchist for taking part in the Haymarket riot in 1886. Their names are Fielden, Schwab and Neebe. It will be remembered that four were hung and that these three were sent to the penitentiary. Some of the papers are criticising the Governor severely.

STRAYED from my premises the 22nd inst, a white, and black and tan ox. He has a gimblet hole in his horn; do not recollect ear marks, but one ear is cropped. Will give a suitable reward to know of his whereabouts. Address E. T. Sasser, Pinkney, N. C.

DR. THOMPSON IN HARNETT AND CUMBERLAND

Mr. D. H. Senter of Harnett county writes us a communication giving a good report of Dr. Thompson's speech at Greens X Roads. We are sorrow that the length of it will not allow us to publish it in full. He says that there was a good crowd out to hear the speech, and that Dr. Thompson made a fine impresson upon the members of all the political parties who heard him.

Mr. J. R. Luther writes us of Dr. Thompson speech at Luther Grove, Cumberland county. The report is well written, and we would be glad to publish it, but it covers over seven pages of manuscript, and we can't possibly spare that much space. He says that notwithstanding the notice was short, and that it was a very busy season, that there were two or three hundred people out to hear him. He reports that his speech had a fine effect, and that the Alliance is growing. In fact the reports we receive every day from Dr. Thompson speeches show that he is doing excellent work, and that the Alliance cause is on a genuine boom. The same is true from the reports of the speeches made by Rev. J. T. B. Hoover.

Joe Robinson still persists in calling the populist "Ochlocrats." Now to say that we are not in favor of a government by the multitude, which is defined to be an Ochlocracy, is to admit we are what Joe would have us believed to be, in favor of mob law. We certainly are in favor of a government by the multitude, and we would have that multitude's wishes freely expressed. If Joe will name one act done or word spoken by the advocates of our party, showing that we even countenace mobs or mob law, then it will be time enough for him to fill his 1 eyed argus with his mobocracy poppycock. No Jodie, me boy, that's stale. Indeed we are anything else but a mob, when we, for the sake of peace and good order, desisted from breaking the heads of some of your ballot-box stuffing poll-holders, and those who were by them, permitted to lounge around and poke the ballots down in the boxes for them. Ah! Joe, it don't become you to be hollering chicken thief at us when you are at your wits end to keep that pair of pullets you have hid away in that old ash barrel from cackling and telling on you.

W. G. H.

DON'T

let a day pass without trying to get a new subscriber for THE CAUCASIAN.

The People's party in Pensylvania have seen those out West and go them one better. They demand the government ownership of coal mines This is traveling along the lines of Bellamy—the author of Looking Backwards—at a perilous rate. We simply stand aghast at the foolishness of such people. The glory of America has been that our people stand individually in their own shoes, and each man is the architect of his own fortune, but if the government is to run the telegraph, and the telephone, and the railroads, and the whiskey shops, and the coal mines, as well as the currency, why not let us embrace all the fantastic ideas of the Socialists and have everything in common, thus blotting out all individuality entirely,—News & Observer.

It is not the individual who is prospering to-day. It is the combinations. The corporations are clothed with such power that the individual is curshed in the effort to compet against tremendous odds. Individuality is already blotted out. So let us have trusts and combinations used for the public good—for the good of all the people instead of for the good of a few at the expense of the many.

STRICTER THAN EXPECTED.

Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, (our first Alliance Governor) who has been an ardent advocate of State control of the liquor traffic and is taking a special interest in the enforcement of the law is a total abstainer and is making the regulations very stringent. To the rules already provided by law he has added: That the dispensaries must be closed at 6 p. m., and no person will be permitted to purchase the second time the same day.

THE CAUCASIAN is giving both sides of the political situation to the people. We have published Col. Wattersons speech in advocacy, of the Democratic party, and now we will publish Gen. Weaver's speech in advocacy of the Populist side. Will any Democratic or Republican paper dare to do this? We call upon them to do it. They ought to be fair.

The Cablegrams of June 26th say that India, acting under orders from England, has demonetized silver. The orders which England will give to America (when Congress meets) will be in the shape of "influence" such as she used in 1873. Yes the American Congress will be ordered to follow in the tracks of India, and to demonetize silver.

We notice that some of the speakers at the Teachers Assembly last week advised the teachers to keep up and to stand by their organization. We suppose by this that a majority of the teachers are Democrats.

SENATOR STANFORD DEAD.

Leland Stanford, the senior Senator from California, died at his home at Menlo Park, California, on the evening of June the 21st. His health had been failing rapidly for several months, but he seemed to be as well as usual the day before he died. He retired about 10 o'clock, about twelve his servant entered the room to see if there was anything the Senator desired, when he found him dead. He had been governor of California, and was one the richest men West of the Mississippi river. He was born in the State of New York, March the 9th 1824, moved to California while quite a young man; his money was made out of the Central Pacific Railroad. Mr. Huntington and many others become millionaires. The present Governor of California is a Republican and therefore will appoint a Republican as his successor. It is believed that Justice Fitzgerald will be the man.

DOES

your neighbor read THE CAUCASIAN? Don't stop till every voter reads it. There is nothing like it for making votes for the reform cause.

THE CAUCASIAN has not been able to send a representative to the Teachers Assembly this year. The Editor himself would have enjoyed a run down to the sea side, and a dip into the surf; but has been too much pressed for time. We are glad to learn that the Teachers have had a pleasant sojourn at the "summer capital." And judging from the reports in the daily newspapers, they certainly have been surfeited with speaking, which of course we trust was good. Ex-Governor Jarvis, Gov. Carr, Col. A. M. Waddell, Mr. P. M. Pearsall, Judge Winston, Judge Shephard, Dr. Winston and Rev. F. L. Reid, are only a few of those who have offered wisdom to the recreating Teachers. Last year there was instituted an oratorical inter-collegiate contest for a medal; the prize was won last year by Mr. Durham of Greensboro. It was won this year by Mr. Charles E. Turner, who graduated at Trinity College at this commencement, and took the "Wiley Gray" medal for oratory. The medal was presented by Mr. P. M. Pearsall on behalf of the Assembly. We understand that the Teachers will go on an excursion to Chicago later in the summer. The Teachers Assembly is not only an annual meeting for improvement and instruction, but for genuine recreation which the Teachers so much need after ten months of pent up vexation and cultivated patience in the school room.

PRESIDENT BUTLER'S APPOINTMENTS.

Marion Butler, President N. C. Farmers' State Alliance, will speak at the following times and places:

Pittsboro, (Chatham county) July 4th.

Lewiston, (Bertie county) July 13th.

Brantleys Grove (Hertfort county) July 14th.

Taylors (Wilson county) July 21st.

Spanish Grove (Forsythe county) July 22nd.

Riverdale (Craven county) July 28th.

ALLIANCE DEPARTMENT.

O'er every land, in every age
Some curse of creed or human ban
Has controvened the rights of man,
E'en now some subtle power
Enthrones the wrong, exalts the knave,
While idlers reign and toilers slave.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

By Marion Butler at Pittsboro, July 4th.

Marion Butler, President State Alliance, has agreed to deliver a public Alliance address at Pittsboro on July 4th. The public is invited. J.

Sampson County.

White Oak Union Alliance will meet with Andrews Chapel sub-alliance on July 8th. The public is invited to attend.

A. T. HERRING, Pres.
E. L. CRUMPLER, Sec'y.

Iredell County.

The next County Alliance for Iredell will meet at Center Point on Friday, July 21st. Dr. Thompson, State Lecturer, will be present and speak. The public invited to hear the speech.

J. M. PARKS, Pres. C. A.

Moore County.

There will be a Union picnic at Lemon Springs on the last Thursday in July.

J. J. EDWARDS.

Sampson County.

NEWTON GROVE, N. C., June 20th, 1893.—EDITOR CAUCASIAN:—You will please publish the following: There will be an Alliance Union held at Beaver Dam Academy, in Sampson county, Newton Grove township, on Friday the 7th day of July, 1893. All alliancemen and non-alliancemen invited to come and bring their baskets. Some of the following speakers will be present: Dr. Thompson, State Lecturer, R. Maxwell of Duplin, H. J. Faison of Faison's, N. C., and Pres. J. E. Fowler.

J. H. Britt, J. M. Britt, J. R. Lassiter, Committee.

Johnston County.

G. W. Solmon, of Four Oaks, reports that a lodge which had gone down there has been renewed with 17 members. R. A. Williams, President, and G. W. Solmon, Secretary.

Wilson County.

The Wilson county Alliance will be held at Lucama on Wednesday July 12 instead of July 13th. Dr Cyrus Thompson State Lecturer will be present and speak.

W. L. GRIMMER,
Sec'y W. Co. A.

POPULIST RALLY.

There will be a Populist rally on July 4th at All Healing Springs in Alexander county.

J. L. LEFLER.

The Episcopal Convention of the Western Diocese of N. C. is in session at Raleigh this week. An assistant Bishop will be elected.

The firm of Adrian & Vollers, wholesale grocers of Wilmington N. C. failed on Tuesday. Other failures are expected to follow the Bank assignment.

On last Monday the Tremont Hotel of Fortworth, Kan., collapsed, with about one hundred people in it, about half of whom are dead or dying.

THOSE WHO HAVE SENT CLUBS.

The following persons have sent us clubs since our last list was published, to-wit:

Rev. J. L. Burns, Pitt county.
Whitfield Grady, Lenoir county.
W. B. Parks, Cabarrus county.
D. T. Massey, Johnston county.
J. C. Gurley, Union county.
J. M. Spencer, Caldwell county.
J. Parsons, Gaston county.
Q. A. Setzer, Catawba county.
W. D. Ray, Wake county.
R. A. Williams, Person county.
J. C. Brown, Iredell county.
J. N. Hall, Onslow county.
Dr. Cy. Thompson, Onslow county.
D. W. McCall, Robeson county.
W. G. Bryan, Pitt county.
J. M. White, Franklin county.
Geo. E. Hunt, Davidson county.
Allen Thomas, Nash county.
P. H. Flows, Currituck county.
E. B. Spivy, Gates county.
Chas. Sutton, Cravan county.
B. L. Jones, Columbus county.
A. F. Farnell, Onslow county.
W. N. Tate, Alamance county.
W. C. Parnell, Cabarrus county.
S. O. Dever, Buncombe county.
J. C. Stewart, Mecklenburg county.
E. A. Moye, Pitt county.
Carson Johnson, Chatham county.
J. F. Westmoreland, Davidson county.
A. G. Person, Higo, Texas.
D. B. McCurdy, Cabarrus county.
M. A. Thornberry, Catawba county.
T. J. G. Deadman, Davie county.
F. B. Bower, Rowan county.
S. Huffman, Burke county.
J. C. Ballard, Anson county.
M. L. Ritcher, Rowan county.
C. D. Drum, Catawba county.
P. T. Britt, Columbus county.
J. T. B. Hoover, Wilson county.
C. F. R. Kornegay, Wayne county.
John Upchurch, Wake county.
A. W. Wicker, Chatham county.
W. W. Boomer, Hyde county.
John Williams, Bertie county.
T. M. Godfrey, Pasquatank county.
W. R. Dozier, Camden county.
J. P. Tucker, Lenoir county.
Joseph Stephenson, Johnston county.
G. M. Burton, Caswell county.
C. S. Waitman, Catawba county.
Allen Jones, Jr., Moore county.
John F. Davis, ____ county.
J. A. Sims, Cabarrus county.
E. B. G. Plaster, Cabarrus county.
W. E. Murphy, Pitt county.
C. C. Vann, Duplin county.
R. L. Horne, Cumberland county.
E. P. Roberts, Cleveland county.
Jno. B. Downing, Cumberland county.
M. G. Pendergrass, McDowell county.
H. M. Johnson, Randolph county.
W. B. F. Sawyer, Perquimans county.
J. B. Olive, Onslow county.
J. A. Davis, Edgecombe county.
McD. Holmes, Franklin county.
L. M. Humphry, Cleveland county.
Miss Madge E. Pratt, Anson county.
P. T. Massey, Johnston county.
R. B. Caldwell, Duplin county.
A. B. Coltrain, Randolph county.
Chas. P. Hill, Burke county.
W. B. Flemming, Warren county.
A. J. Hudson, Rockingham county.
Dr. B. Stilly, Beaufort county.
R. K. Utley, Moore county.
W. P. Howard, Hertford county.
W. A. Allen, Pitt county.
L. R. Mason, New Hanover county.
Peter Durham, Wake county.
L. N. Ranes, Wake county.
J. T. McCorquadall, Harnet county.
W. B. Felton, Chowan county.
J. W. Atwater, Chatham county.
J. A. Harriss, Buncombe county.
J. B. Womack, Moore county.
J. S. Mitchel, Bertie county.
L. L. Smith, Cleveland county.
W. L. Ldgerton, Wayne county.
A. H. Paddison, Pender county.
R. S. F. Peete, Warren county.
A. A. Maynard, Anson county.
B. Fussell, Duplin county.
J. E. Nance, Rockingham county.
Thos. J. Staneil, Pitt county.

ALLIANCE SPEAKING!

Bro. Cyrus Thompson, State Lecturer, of North Carolina Farmers' Alliance, will address the Brethren and the public generally, at the following places:

FRANKLIN COUNTY.

Poplar Spring Church, June 30th.
Lounisburg, July 1st.

PITT COUNTY.

Farmville, July 4th.
Greenville, July 5th.

EDGECOMBE COUNTY.

Tarboro, July 6th.
Lawrence, " 7th.
Whitakers, " 8th.

NASH COUNTY.

Nashville, July 10th.
Dortch's Alliance, " 11th.

WILSON COUNTY.

Lucama, July 12th.

County Alliance Meetings.

ORANGE COUNTY.

Hillsboro, July 13th.
Gilford county, (near Jamestown) July 14th.

IREDELL COUNTY.

Troutsman's, July 20th
Center Point, " 21st
Bryant's Store, " 22d
Angles Store, " 24th

Appointments for Davie, Yadkin and Wilkes counties to follow.

Other appointments will follow.

Brother Thompson represents the Business Agency and carries samples of Shoes, Clothe, &c., to show you, and will explain the benefits to be derived by patronizing the Agency.

Let every one turn out and hear the distinguished Lecturer. It will pay you whether an Allianceman or not.

Yours fraternally,
W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.,
North Carolina Farmers' State Alliance

REV. THOS. DIXON, JR.

THE YOUNG PREACHER WHO IS AT PRESENT THRILLING NEW YORK.

A Newspaper Man's First and Subsequent Impressions of His Virile Personality. The Simple Story of His Life—Promise of a Brilliant Future.

The following entertaining sketch of the personality of Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., the popular New York preacher whose sermons are now regularly reported for these columns each week, is furnished by a well known newspaper writer:

The first time I heard the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., preach he was a stranger to me. I had hardly heard of him, although he had already stirred the surface of metropolitan orthodoxy.

It was Sunday evening. I found the large hall, with its old fashioned gallery, choked with the congregation that had outgrown its church edifice proper and taken refuge here. After the preliminary musical services a young man came down to the front of the platform and made an extemporaneous prayer and read a portion of the Scriptures from a small Bible which he held in his hand. In the view which I had of him he appeared to be 6 feet 3 in stature and almost weirdly gaunt. He did not stand erect in the parade sense, and his long limbs betokened an enormous sinewy power rather than grace or symmetry. His dark, spare, close shaven face, his plentiful coal black hair carelessly pushed backward from his temples, his strong, almost cadaverous jaw and his black, deep set and scintillant eyes made up a personality that arrested my interest at once. It was a type of man especially forged for hard, earnest, fearless work in some direction.

He spoke with authority, as if he had been commissioned, modestly withal and tenderly. The great congregation hung upon his words intently. With marvelous clearness he developed his subject, never resorting to involved phrases or abstract reasoning, but making a clear cut, concrete picture. Now and then he flamed up as a thought took possession of him or an illustration seized him. At such moments his strong face lit up, his voice rang out clear and resonant, and he seemed to sway his congregation by the magnetism of sheer oratory. At other times he dropped to the colloquial manner and carried on a conversation with his people.

There was no clerical isolation or ministerial cloudiness here. His listeners kept step with him. He not only spoke with intellectual authority, but with an ineffable fellowship. He had both thought and felt out his subject matter, but he meekly relied on something other than himself.

It was the broad, compelling recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, the ever present coercive sympathy of a great heart for suffering and dying humanity, and the ever urgent duty to preach the love as well as the law of the benignant and infinite parent.

Such was my first impression of the young preacher. Subsequently I became acquainted with the man, and then my admiration widened with my knowledge. I learned his history. It is brief and uneventful, but bursting with promise. He came of preaching stock down in North Carolina, and his father is still, I believe, hard at work in the Baptist pulpit there. At the end of his collegiate course and a postgraduate term in Johns Hopkins university he came to New York to determine upon a profession.

After a winter in the metropolis he returned to North Carolina, where he threw himself into politics, was elected to the legislature and began a systematic study of the law. What convictions of heart urged him and what processes of mind led him suddenly to abandon his law practice and take to the pulpit we can readily surmise, but may not dwell upon. All at once he is preaching the gospel in Goldsboro and Raleigh, and preaching it with such unction that some rumor of it reaches Boston. Then comes a call, and in December, 1887, the crowds of American Athens are gathering to hear the new voice. In 1889 New York wanted him, and at the solicitation of the Twenty-third Street Baptist church he took charge of that society. Very soon after his arrival it outgrew its church accommodations and had to avail itself of Association hall.

These barren outlines of rapid success can only be filled in by living color when we come to know the man.

The first thing that won me, and I think will win anybody who makes his acquaintance, is his ingrained, unconscious and simple manliness.

Let me add that he is a scholar, and, what is better, a student; that he keeps abreast of the best thought in every intellectual field and watches the panorama of events with untiring eye. You cannot imagine what a "nowness" this gives to his sermons. When he tells the "old, old story" of divine love it wears a contemporaneous interest. It is no longer a historic statement, but a living force, energizing the speaker and winning the listener. When he illustrates the point of discussion, it is from the live issues of the hour, and you feel that religion is not under a bushel, but is inwrought with the destinies of the race and the fate of nations.

That a young spirit like his attracts about him large concourses of intelligent young people is not surprising. They understand each other. They want a vital religion. Either religion is a dramatic fact of the moment and means character in action, or it is a dead tradition. I felt that this energizing young apostle marked the renaissance of new Christian endeavor and a new Christian socialism.

I should not be surprised to see Mr. Dixon in another year in a great city temple, the center of a vast community of practical working evangelists, himself another Spurgeon or Parker, but still the frank, manly and humble young missionary of the people.

Europe's Preparation For War.

Everywhere in Europe, even among the smallest nations, they are talking at this moment only of armaments, increase of soldiers and war material and naturally also of new taxes. In 1870 Europe devoted annually to the preparation for war the sum of about 3 milliards. At present the annual expenditure for the purpose is 5 milliards. In 1870 Europe kept on a peace footing a little more than 2,000,000 men. Today she keeps more than 3,500,000. In 1870 Europe estimated that in case of war she could place in line as a supreme effort about 7,000,000 men. Today she could have 12,500,000, and her legislation tends to carry that number to 22,000,000.—Paris Figaro.

Carrying Parcels In Public.

I admire the man or woman who is not afraid to carry home any purchasable article under 25 pounds weight. But at the same time my admiration is wholly Platonic—that is, devoid of the slightest desire to approach and participate. It is a grand thing to be independent, but as society is at present constituted comfortable individuals are quite content to limit their ambition in this direction to being independent—of parcels!—Kate Field's Washington.

WOULDN'T SEE THE RAISE.

The Reason Why Senator Brice Limited His Church Contribution.

Dr. Bartlett of the New York Avenue church called on Senator McMillan a day or two ago and received from him a subscription of $500 toward the expenses connected with the forthcoming assembly here of the Presbyterian church. Dr. Bartlett bowed his well as expressed his thanks for the liberal subscription, extended his hand, and was about to turn away when the senator remarked:

"Doctor, are you acquainted with Senator Brice of Ohio?"

"I have not the honor," said Dr. Bartlett.

"Wait a moment, then, please, and I will send for him to come out," and turning to a messenger he requested him to present his compliments to Senator Brice and request his presence at the east door of the senate. In a moment Senator Brice appeared and was presented to Dr. Bartlett.

"I have sent for you," remarked Senator McMillan, "for the reason that you have not only the reputation of being a liberal patron of the art and sciences, but of education and religious institutions and objects as well. As the one hundred and fifth general assembly of the Presbyterian church meets here in May, and that means that there will be over 1,000 commissioners in attendance who are to be taken care of, they are looking for people like you to help them out. I have made a small subscription myself and thought you would be willing to duplicate it."

"Certainly," said Senator Brice. "I will give the same. What was your subscription?"

"Five hundred dollars, was it not, doctor?"

"That is correct," said Dr. Bartlett.

Senator Brice gave a quick look at Senator McMillan, who smiled serenely in return. Senator Brice thereupon went through his pockets and succeeded in fishing out about $3,000 in "pin money," as he termed it, and was about to hand Dr. Bartlett a $500 bill when he smilingly remarked to Senator McMillan, "Don't you think we had better make this a thousand each?"

"All right," was the reply, "but it strikes me, now that you have raised the subscription, that $1,500 cash would be the proper figure."

"No," replied Senator Brice, handing Dr. Bartlett the $500 bill, "under the circumstances I don't think it would be proper to call you. There are a good many Ohio people here just now without return tickets, and the walking is rather bad at present."—Washington Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

The Socialist as a Landlord.

"I'm a martyr! I'm a martyr! This is all through fighting for the cause of socialism!" cried Alfred Oldland as he left the dock of the southwestern police court to do the two months' hard labor which Mr. Denman thought necessary for his moral reformation. He is true Oldland is an ardent advocate of the new idea and has at various places in London recommended his audiences to pay no rent, such exactions being a form of robbery which ought to be put down. But he is also a landlord.

The other night he went to his tenant and said: "Where is my rent? Why haven't you paid it before now?" "What!" cried the tenant, "pay rent? Don't you tell the people always that rent is theft? Besides, you did me an injustice in giving me notice to quit, and therefore I won't pay you any rent." Then the landlord socialist took a formidable bit of telephone wire and struck his tenant on the head, knocking not only all the socialism but all the sense out of it for some time.

When he came to himself, again he found four deep cuts on his cranium and his feelings much injured. Therefore he demanded satisfaction on his landlord at the hands of the police magistrate. It was proved that Oldland had already suffered imprisonment for assaults on the police in Trafalgar square. That, he said, was the first part of his martyrdom. He is now doing the second installment.—London Telegraph.

Bacon Worth More Than Human Flesh.

In Alabama the market price of a convicted negro is 8 cents a pound. The young murderer who was hanged at Center the other day put himself up at auction the day before, and several doctors made bids. It being his wish to be weighed like a hog and sold by the pound, the prison authorities made no objection. The opening bid was 6 cents a pound "spot cash." This was raised to 7½, then to 7¾ and finally to 8, at which he knocked himself down. He then went to the scales and tipped the beam at 158 pounds, which at 8 cents brought his value up to $12.48.

The money was paid on the spot, the purchaser taking a receipt and an order for the body. The money was spent in the course of the next 12 hours on drink and good things to eat, and the fellow had a "rousing time." The price of bacon was quoted on the same day at 10½ cents a pound.—New York Tribune.

Looking For Fool.

Soldiers of the Georgia legion who lie dying in a country where there is a marked lack of woman's nursing and dearth of woman's tears continue to attract attention, not only by their phenomenal industry and dogged pertinacity, but by their scorn of the conventionalities of eastern life. One of them in search of the president yesterday struck the White House elevator when it was going down and landed in the kitchen.

"Is Pod Dismuke here?" he asked, gazing around at the attendants.

"No, sah," said the head man, coming forward with his white cap hanging upon one ear and a cleaver in his hand; "he done' cook heah."—Washington Post.

The Growth of Spiritualism.

You can hardly realize the growth of spiritualism within the last few years, and if it were popular to be an avowed spiritualist you would find them in every congregation, not excepting the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian.—Edgar Lee in Arena.

Eckles Was a Banker.

They are still getting off their little jokes in Washington. The latest one is at the expense of Mr. Eckles, the new comptroller of the currency. Mr. Eckles is a protege of Congressman Cable of Illinois, and at a dinner given by this gentleman a senator informed Mr. Cable that he regretted exceedingly that Mr. Eckles had no banking experience, and he thought the lack of it might result in Mr. Eckles' rejection.

"Why, senator," said Mr. Cable, "that is nothing but a newspaper fake. Eckles has had banking experience. I know this personally, because I have frequently been present when he was acting as banker."

"Ah," said the senator blandly, "that makes it all right. He shall be one of us."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Preservation of Forests.

While the protection of game has occupied the public mind for a considerable time the preservation of our forests has had comparatively but recent attention. The past five years especially have seen more done in this direction that probably the previous 10.—Harper's Weekly.

A MONOTONOUS OCCUPATION.

The Regular Routine of a Watchman Who Patrols the Oil Pipe Lines.

Imagine if you can the weary pacing to and fro of a wild animal in its menagerie cage, and an idea can be gained of the monotony endured by the men employed by the Standard Oil company to patrol the great pipe line that leads from the oil regions down to tidewater at Bayonne on the Kills.

The routine of this sort of life is never varied unless through the leakage of the pipes or the breaking of the telegraph wire that parallels the pipe line. In case of such mishaps the tramp, tramp, tramp of the watchman is varied by the judicious use of a portable telegraph key and sounder in advising headquarters that a leak or a break has occurred.

M. L. Washington is the man who patrols that portion of the pipe line between Huguenot, N. Y., and Newfoundland, N. J. His "beat" is over 25 miles long, and the country through which it extends is partly inhabited, but for the most part extremely wild. He has been a watchman long enough to be able to recount many adventures that would fittingly become a dime novel hero, and yet he has come through without apparent harm.

There are pumping stations along the pipe line at certain intervals, and a vigilant watch must be kept between them. Washington's section includes two mountainous ranges. The line runs across them, as well as across streams, through swamp and ravines, up and down hill. The reason of this is that an air line as nearly as possible is maintained. In some instances the line run through cultivated farms and near dwellings.

The men who perform the duty of watchmen must be possessed of great nerve and courage, and they must be intelligent men, too, with a knowledge of telegraphy sufficient to enable them to attach their instruments to the wire and hold communications with the main stations. They travel armed and prepared for business if they meet either a two or four legged adversary by day or night in some one of the mountain passes or swamps.

In case of a leak in the pipe he ascends the nearest pole, attaches the pocket instrument and in a minute is "talking" with the nearest station. If an obstruction occurs in the pipe, a small metal ball is inserted and forced through by compressed air. When it reaches the point where the obstruction is, the pressure causes the ball to cease the clicking noise it has made while passing through the pipe, and the watchman, who must follow the sound, no matter how far, then discovers where the obstruction lies.

The salary of $135 a month is not high when the hardships of such a life are considered, and when these are coupled with the miseries attendant upon severe winters, hot summers and the constant changes in this climate of ours it can be seen that there are many kinds of employment preferable to watching along the big Standard pipe line, even though the wages are a little larger than most mechanics earn.—New York Herald.

What An Ox Found In a Bale of Hay.

A few days since E. D. Smith killed an ox which had been stall fed for some weeks past, and when its stomach was cut open 74 ounces of foreign matter were found inside. The stuff consisted of a half dozen pebbles, several pieces of wire, copper rivets, one piece of a file and 59 nails and pieces of nails. The nails were of all sizes, from the small shingle to the 8-penny, both cut and wire. These metallic dainties evidently passed into the stomach along with other food. The wire was of the kind always used in binding baled hay, on which he had been fed recently. He had not been treated to the luxury of a keg of nails, and no theory is advanced to account for how this job stock of hardware had been accumulated. The process of digestion was necessarily slow, and none of the articles showed any signs of decomposition. The ox was in excellent condition, showing that he had suffered no inconvenience from carrying around this cargo of rock and iron.—Everett (Wash.) News.

How "Hold the Fort" Came to Be Written.

It is well known that the hymn "Hold the Fort" was inspired by the story of the signals exchanged by Generals Sherman and Corse when the latter was besieged at Allatoona, Ga., but few knew how the idea was brought to Mr. Moody's mind. Once when General and Mrs. Corse lived in Chicago Mr. Moody called. While there he took up a book that told the story of that famous conflict in which Corse had been so badly wounded, and seeing the message from General Sherman, "Hold the fort, for I am coming!" exclaimed enthusiastically, "What a magnificent motto that would be for a marching song for the army of Christ!" And the day after the famous hymn was written, beginning with "Hold the fort, for I am coming, Jesus signals still," a hymn that has been sung almost in every hamlet on the continent, and whose strains across the ocean have become familiar to the ears of men who never heard of General Corse or the beleaguered fort at Allatoona.—Boston Globe.

He Only Wanted a Corner.

In Tacoma lives a shrewd old lawyer named Gratian, who has a dry humor. He has lately been engaged in defending the theaters against attacks on them from the ultra religious element in the city, which attempts to close them on Sunday nights. At the same time he is a strong opponent to gambling. A delegation of preachers called on him not long ago to labor with him on the theater question. One of the ministers, after a long argument, remarked that he was surprised at the inconsistency of the lawyer in attacking the gambling houses while at the same time defending the Sunday plays. Grattan replied, "I know that you clergymen run both heaven and hell; now why can't you let me run a little corner of the earth?"—Northwest Magazine.

To Break the Flour Trust.

The Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union works hardships upon the farmers of Kansas, and Attorney General Little Populist proposes that the state legislature shall circumvent the trust by passing a law at the next session declaring all mills public mills. There is already a law on the statute books regulating public mills applied only to mills which grind or offer to grind for toll. It is an arbitrary act, and Mr. Little holds that the same power (the legislature) which authorized it may go further and declare all mills open, giving farmers and other individuals the right to take their grain to them and have it ground into flour at rates to be fixed by law.

Placed Under Ban.

The Austrian painter, Wladimir Luskin, painted a large picture showing the Crown Prince Rudolph and his mistress after the suicide at Meyerling, but could not exhibit it in Vienna. Lately he took it to Paris, but pressure was brought to bear by the Austrian government, and not only has the picture been placed under the ban, but the artist requested to leave France. No legal right exists for this action on the part of the French police.—Exchange.

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There is much stealing going on in the mails. Don't send money, stamps or postal note in ordinary letter. Send money order, or register your letter at our expense.

The cabin manufactures and sellers of North Carolina have organized; the way it is an undertakers trust. They held their meeting in Charlotte last week. With an trust on cradles, and a trust on coffins, what chance is there for a poor devil to make a living between the two and not lose his religion? If we live long, we fear that there will be a trust on angels wings before it comes our time to be transported across space to the great beyond.

Mrs. U. S. Grant and Mrs. Jefferson Davis have met, shaken hands, and will spend the summer at the same location—right in sight of West Point, where their husbands received their military training.

Two British vessels collided in the Mediterranean sea near Tripoli on last Friday. One vessel sunk with 150 people.

FAT PEOPLE

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Inclose two dollars for a copy, or inclose two-cent postage stamp for a table of contents and terms to agents. Address BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 385 Sixth Avenue, New York. june 29-4t-2p.

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Notice.

Having qualified as executor of the last will of Barna Daniel, deceased, all persons holding claims against his estate are notified to present them for payment by June 1st, 1894, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

WILLIAM DANIEL, Ex'r.
may 25-6ws.

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june1-3mos-eow—2p.

TAUBENECK REVIEWS

STARTLING STATISTICS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Respective Gains and Losses—Remarkable Growth of the Populists—Significance of the Returns—Tendency Toward Monarchy—Suppressed Vote In the South.

The election returns for 1892, when analyzed, present some valuable, not to say curious, facts. The total vote, according to The World almanac, was 12,154,542, divided as follows:

	Total vote.	Per cent.
Cleveland	5,556,553	45.71
Harrison	5,175,577	42.58
Weaver	1,122,045	9.23
Bidwell	279,191	2.69
Socialist Labor	21,191	.16

In 1892 Cleveland received 18,300 more votes than in 1888, an increase of 3 per cent; Harrison 264,659 less, a loss of 4.8 per cent; Weaver 973,940 more than Streeter in 1888, a gain of 657.6 per cent, and Bidwell 29,284 more than Fisk, a gain of 11.7 per cent.

Weaver and Field received votes in every state in the Union, Cleveland in all but five, Harrison in all but one, and Bidwell in all but three. Thus in the distribution of votes the People's Party is ahead.

The Democratic electors received a majority of the popular vote in Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, New Jersey, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia—13 states. The Republican electors in Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont and Wyoming—7 states. The Populist electors in Colorado, Idaho, Kansas and Nevada—4 states. Thus in 24 states the electors received a majority of the total vote cast, while in 20 states they were elected by pluralities.

Of the 444 electors, 213 were elected by majorities and 231 by pluralities.

Of the 277 Cleveland electors, 125 were elected by majorities and 152 by pluralities. Of the 145 Harrison electors, 68 were chosen by majorities, 77 by pluralities, and of those received by Weaver and Field 20 of the 22 were elected by majorities.

The election of 1892 is the first one since 1856 that a third or new party received any electoral votes for their national ticket. If we analyze the vote received by the Populist and Prohibition parties, we find that the former is distinctively a western and southern movement, while the latter is almost as distinctively an eastern one.

Twenty-eight states west of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio and Potomac rivers gave Weaver and Field 999,101 votes, while the 16 states east and north of those rivers gave them only 122,944 votes. The 16 eastern and middle states, containing 51.2 per cent of the population, cast only 10.9 per cent of the Populist vote, while the 28 western and southern states, containing 48.8 per cent of the population, cast 89.1 per cent of the vote.

The state of Kansas alone cast 40,167 votes more than the entire states east and north of the rivers mentioned. The returns show that in each of eight counties in Kansas the Populist ticket received more votes than in the entire state of Massachusetts.

If we place Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin, with their 74,216 Populist votes, among the western states, with which they are generally classed, it will reduce our vote in the 12 eastern and middle states to 45,728—less than one-half the number returned by Texas.

The distribution of the Prohibition vote is almost reversed. The 16 states north and east of the rivers named above gave Bidwell 189,010 votes, while the 28 states west and south of those rivers gave him only 90,181. Another notable fact is that the Prohibition vote principally comes from cities, while the Populist vote is almost entirely from the rural districts, which makes the former an urban party, while the latter has a strong coloring of the agricultural element.

The representatives of the Fifty-third congress, like the electors, contain many who did not receive a majority of the votes in their districts. The present house consists of 354 members, of which 247 were elected by majorities of the popular vote and 107 by pluralities. This latter number is composed of 55 Democrats, 46 Republicans and 3 Populists.

The states west of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio and Potomac rivers have 172 representatives in congress, of which 122 were elected by majorities and 50 by pluralities. These same states in 1890 contained only 20 members elected by pluralities.

The most interesting feature of the last campaign beyond all question is a comparison of the total vote returned with the population. This feature should be thoroughly ventilated by the reform press.

According to the census of 1890 and the election returns for 1892, the United States has an average of one vote for every 5.1 inhabitants. The following table gives the number of inhabitants for each vote cast at the last election in seven southern, five eastern and six western states.

Mississippi	24.4
Florida	11
Arkansas	7.6
Georgia	8.2
South Carolina	16.3
North Carolina	5.7
Texas	5.2
Illinois	4.3
Pennsylvania	5.2
New York	4.3
Massachusetts	5.7
Maine	5.5
Kansas	4.3
Colorado	4.2
California	4.4
Montana	2.9
South Dakota	4.6
Missouri	4.9

Observe the remarkable difference in the number of votes cast in proportion to population in some of the states. The voting population of Mississippi, on a ratio of one vote to five inhabitants, is 257,920, but at the last election only 52,809 were returned—79.5 per cent of the voting strength not going to the polls. The third congressional district, comprising 10 counties with a population of 184,297, cast only 2,944 votes—one vote to every 62.06 inhabitants. Thus T. C. Catchings holds a seat in congress with less than 8 per cent of the voting population in his district going to the polls. Boliver county in the same district, with a population of 29,980, returned 295 votes, or one to every 101.6 inhabitants. This county in 1888 cast 2,633 votes, of which 1,726 were for Harrison.

The following table gives the actual vote cast in 1892 and the total voting strength in each of the following states on a ratio of one vote to every five inhabitants:

	Vote of 1892.	Total voting strength.
Mississippi	52,809	257,920
Florida	35,461	78,284
Arkansas	147,229	223,626
Georgia	223,946	367,470
South Carolina	70,444	230,229
Alabama	234,741	302,609
Louisiana	114,485	223,717

The dormant vote in all these states is abnormally large. Arkansas has 77,707 voters who did not go to the polls, Georgia 143,524, Louisiana 109,232, while the state governments of Mississippi, Florida and South Carolina, with their delegations in congress, were elected by far less than one-half of the voting strength in such states. If there is such a thing as a tendency toward a monarchy in our country, we have it in these states in full bloom. Some will doubtless remark that this large dormant vote represents the negro race, but this is not true. If we compare the total white vote with the actual vote cast in these states, we will have the same wide gulf existing between them.

On a ratio of one to five Mississippi has 167,949 white voters. If we count every vote returned last year as being cast by a white man, Mississippi still has 55,131 white voters who did not go to the polls. Thus the state government represents only 48.8 per cent of the white voters in the state.

On the same ratio Arkansas has 163,303 white voters. If we count Cleveland's and Weaver's vote as white and Harrison's as colored, Arkansas has 63,638 white voters who did not vote, or if we count every vote returned as being cast by a white man the state still has 15,374 white voters not going to the polls.

The same is true in regard to South Carolina and Florida, the former having 21,246 and the latter 9,431 white voters more than the total vote returned at the last election.

I am not familiar with the local influences which have produced this contrast between the voting population and the actual vote cast. Within the last decade a portion of the press and some of our public speakers, though first hinted at, but now openly, proclaim for a restriction of popular suffrage. This war was first declared against the colored voter in the south and the foreign immigrant in the north on the ground of not knowing how to use the ballot for their own good, but of late years this movement has become more formidable, and its advocates boldly declare for a restriction of popular suffrage and demand:

First—An educational qualification.

Second—A property or tax qualification.

As regards the first of these demands, Mississippi, in her revised constitution, is the first state which has taken a decided stand on this question. C. W. Bolton in a letter says:

"A voter must be able to read the constitution or explain it when read to him. The judges of election are to be the judges of this. The party in power, who control the machinery, require Democrats to read easy or explain simple sentences, while all others will be given difficult ones to read or explain."

Think of the power vested in the judges of an election! Armed with such a law they can disfranchise 99 per cent of the voters, because not more than one-half the lawyers in a state can properly interpret the intricate parts of a constitution, still less the farmers and laborers. This law explains why in Boliver county, with a total vote of 6,000, only 295 votes were polled at the last election.

It also explains why the governor attended the Richmond conference and made an appeal to turn the tide of white immigration to his state.

No state has a moral right to take the ballot from a man who lacks an education unless the state has done everything in its power for at least a generation to give him one.

In Georgia and some other states a poll tax system has been introduced. No one is permitted to vote unless he can produce a tax receipt. The payment of this tax is not compulsory. The law says to the voter, "You can have your choice—pay this tax and be permitted to vote, or not pay it and lose your citizenship." Mr. Armistead, in the Atlanta Constitution, Sept. 25, 1892, said, "Fulton county has 18,000 voters, but only 7,794 have registered." In reply to the question why they did not all register he answered: "It is because their taxes are not paid. Those who aren't registered don't get this far. If a man returns any property, he is bound to pay the tax on it, but if it's only a poll tax we can't make him pay it."

This law has disfranchised thousands of voters. Originally it was doubtless intended for the colored voter, but hard times have caused its hand to be laid on the white man as well. It has often been said that "a man without property, paying no tax, has no moral right to vote, because he don't assist in supporting the government." This is true when applied to nonproducers, as gamblers, usurers and kindred professionals, but not so when applied to the laborer. Every dollar of tax paid, regardless of who pays it, is the product of labor. If I own a farm and employ some one to cultivate it, his labor contributes as much toward paying my taxes as my property. This is also true of every other branch of industry. Labor, whether it owns property or not, is the "creator of all wealth" and ultimately pays every dollar of tax.

I do not mean to convey the idea that a man because he is a laborer should be exempt from paying his tax. Its payment ought to be made compulsory, and not used as a pretext to disfranchise him and thousands of others. This blow at popular suffrage regardless of the sources from which it emanates, or the ground upon which it is based, is the most dangerous tendency of our time. Think of a government whose financial policy has been dictated by the bankers of New York and Europe, and that for a quarter of a century has done little else than pass class laws and legislate the wealth of the many into the coffers of the few, thereby reducing a large portion of our population to wage slaves, now telling the laborer, "You shall not vote because you don't help to support me." This is like robbing a man and then killing him because he has no more to give.

There are but two ways by which a man can speak to the government and make his wishes known—one through the ballot and the other by revolution. If you rob him of the former, then you open the door to the latter and make a nihilist of him.

If it is true that "the power to govern must be derived from the consent of the governed," as the heroes of the revolution declared, then it is equally true that when the government disfranchises a voter, disowns and abandons him politically, the voter has a moral right to abandon the government.

Suppose the 79.5 per cent of the voting strength of Mississippi, who are practically disowned by the state, should take this view of the case and declare, like their forefathers have done, that "taxation without representation is tyranny," where would the other 20.5 per cent "be at?"

Nothing breeds so much contempt for law and order as to take the ballot from a man because his parents neglected to provide him with an education or circumstances which were beyond his control prevented him from procuring one. It is a kind of ex post facto law which punishes a child for the negligence of its parents and state. It is singular that in Europe—first in England and lately in Belgium—they enfranchised the same class they are trying to disfranchise in the United States. We are drifting toward a monarchy and they toward a republic.

Only a few weeks since Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, in arguing against an amendment to the constitution providing for the election of United states senators by direct vote of the people, said:

"I am not afraid to say to the American people that it is dangerous to trust any great power of government to their direct and inconsiderate control."

President Lincoln once said, "Keep near the people, because they are always right." Compare these two sentences and then ask yourself, Whither are we drifting? The one is the inspiration received from mingling with the people, while the other is the slime of plutocracy oozing from a heart that has become callous in serving dens of usury. Perhaps Senator Hoar will one day learn that hearts are not like mud, which becomes softer the more it is trampled.

The legitimate cure for this evil is for the state to use every means in its power to secure a common school education for every citizen, for the federal government to repeal the class laws and let the stream of wealth, which for 30 years has flowed one way, be reversed and revert to those who created it. It is infinitely wiser to remove the cause which has produced the nonproperty holder and nontaxpayer than to disfranchise him, and it is a thousand times better to provide an education for every citizen than to build a dam across the stream of illiterate voters which at high tide will give way and damn us all. An absolutely free ballot, with no other qualifications than that of loyal citizenship unrestricted by force bills, either state or national, unpurchased and counted as cast, is the only safeguard for the perpetuity of our institutions.

H. E. TAUBENECK.

Deadly Enemies of the Republic.

The trusts in sugar, cottonseed oil, whisky, tobacco, electricity, cordage, lead, linseed oil, rubber and starch have put at least a quarter of a billion fictitious capital on the speculative markets, an amount nearly equal to that which the American farmers realize from an average wheat crop. Not only do they seek to unload this vast mass of corruption on the public, but it is part of the programme to so use the power of control as to milk as much more out of the speculators who are foolish enough to venture their capital in buying the stuff.

Even this nefarious proceeding is not the most objectionable part of the arrangement, which some appear to regard as legitimate business development. The power thus gained is intended avowedly to be used for the throttling of competition among buyers of material and among producers of the finished "goods" in the different departments of industrial activity.

These and numerous other trusts not included in the above list should be treated as inimical to the public welfare, as they really are. The men who have undertaken to engineer them ought to be prosecuted as deadly enemies of the republic, and the greater number of foolish ones who swallow the bait should be regarded as aiders and abettors, since they are willing to make money out of schemes which avowedly are concocted for the purpose of robbing the people at large. There must be no false sentiment on the subject.—Chicago Tribune.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE QUEEN'S MUSEUM.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

About noon he came to a great mountain-side covered with a forest. Thinking that he was as likely to find what he sought in one place as another, and preferring the shade to the sun, he entered the forest, and walked for some distance along a path which gradually led up to the mountain. Having crossed a brook with its edges lined with water-cresses, he soon perceived a large cave, at the entrance of which sat an aged hermit. "Ah," said the stranger to himself, "this is indeed fortunate! This is good and venerable man, who passes his life amid the secrets of nature, can surely tell me what I wish to know." Saluting the hermit he sat down and told the old man the object of his quest.

"I am afraid you are looking for what you will not find," said the hermit. "Most people are too silly to be truly interested in anything. They herd together like cattle, and do not know what is good for them. There are now on this mountain-side many commodious and comfortable caves, all of which would be tenanted if people only knew how improving and interesting it is to live apart from their fellow-men. But, so far as it can be done, I will help you in your ques', which I think is a worthy one. I can do nothing for you myself, but I have a pupil who is very much given to wandering about, and looking for curious things. He may tell you where you will be able to find something that will interest everybody, though I doubt it. You may go and see him, if you like, and I will excuse him from his studies for a time, so that he may aid you in your search."

The hermit then wrote an excuse upon a piece of parchment, and, giving it to the stranger, he directed him to the cave of his pupil.

This was situated at some distance, and higher up the mountain, and when the stranger reached it, he found the pupil fast asleep upon the ground. This individual was a long-legged youth, with long arms, long hair, a long nose, and a long face. When the stranger awakened him, told him why he had come, and gave him the hermit's excuse, the sleepy eyes of the pupil brightened, and his face grew less long.

"That's delightful!" he said, "to be let off on a Monday; for I generally have to be satisfied with a half-holliday, Wednesdays and Saturdays."

"Is the hermit very strict with you?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," said the pupil, "I have to stick closely to the cave; though I have been known to go fishing on days when there was no holiday. I have never seen the old man but once, and that was when he first took me. You know it wouldn't do for us to be too sociable. That wouldn't be hermit-like. He comes up here in the afternoons I am out, and writes down what I am to do for the next half-week."

"And do you always do it?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, I get some of it done," said the pupil; "but there have been times when I have wondered whether it wouldn't have been better for me to have been something else. But I have chosen my profession, and I suppose I must be faithful to it. We will start immediately on our search; but first I must put the cave in order, for the old man will be sure to come up while I am gone."

So saying, the pupil opened an old parchment book at a marked page, and laid it on a flat stone, which served as a table.

The two started off, the pupil first putting a line and hook in his pocket, and pulling out a fishing-rod from under some bushes.

"What do you want with that?" asked the stranger, "we are not going to fish!"

"Why not?" said the pupil; "if we come to a place, we might catch something that would be a real curiosity."

Before long they came to a mountain brook, and here the pupil insisted on trying his luck. The stranger was a little tired and hungry, and so was quite willing to sit down for a time and eat something from his bag. The pupil ran off to find some bait, and he staid away so long that the stranger had quite finished his meal before he returned. He came back at last, however, in a state of great excitement.

"Come with me! come with me!" he cried. "I have found something that is truly astonishing! Come quickly!"

The stranger arose and hurried after the pupil, whose long legs carried him rapidly over the mountain-side. Reaching a large hole at the bottom of a precipitous rock, the pupil stopped, and exclaiming:

"Come in here and I will show you something that will amaze you!" he immediately entered the hole.

The stranger who was very anxious to see what curiosity he had found, followed him some distance along a narrow and winding underground passage. The two suddenly emerged into a high and spacious cavern, which was lightened by openings in the roof; on the floor, in various places were strongly fastened boxes, and packages of various sorts, bales and bundles of silks and rich cloths, with handsome caskets, and many other articles of value.

"What kind of place is this?" exclaimed the stranger, in great surprise.

"Don't you know?" cried the pupil, his eyes fairly sparkling with delight. "Why, it's a robber's den! Isn't it great thing to find a place like this?"

"A robber's den! exclaimed the stranger in great alarm; "let us get out of it as quickly as we can, or the robbers will return, and we shall be cut to pieces."

"I don't believe they are coming back very soon," said the pupil, "and we ought to stop and take a look at some of these things."

"Fly, you foolish youth!" cried the stranger; you do not know what danger you are in." And, so saying, he turned to hasten away from the place.

But he was too late. At that moment the robber captain and his band entered the cave. When these men perceived the stranger and the hermit's pupil, they drew their swords and were about to rush upon them, when the pupil sprang forward and, throwing up his long arms, exclaimed:

"Stop! it is a mistake!"

At these words, the robber captain lowered his sword, and motioned to his men to halt. "A mistake!" he said; "what do you mean by that?"

"I mean," said the pupil, "that I was out looking for curiosities, and wandered into this place by accident. We haven't taken a thing. You may count your goods, and you will find nothing missing. We have not even opened a box, although I very much wanted to see what was in some of them."

"Are his statements correct?" said the captain, turning to the stranger.

"Entirely so," was the answer.

"You have truthful features, and an honest expression," said the captain, "and I do not believe you would be so dishonorable as to creep in here during our absence and steal our possessions. Your lives shall be spared, but you will be obliged to remain with us; for we cannot allow any one who knows our secrets to leave us. You shall be treated well, and shall company us in our expeditions; and if your conduct merits it, you shall in time be made full members."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Young Folks' Post Office.

Harnett County.

POE'S, N. C., June 20,1893.

AUNT "MARY ANN:—Glad to get such a welcome one to our corner. I will answer and ask some questions.

The first permanent English settlement in the United States was made by Capt. John Smith at Jamestown, Va., in the year 1607. The first steam-boat was invented by Fulton. The first white child was born in a place which Dare county includes, Virginia Dare. When was the Stamp Act passed? And when was the manufacture of tar begun in North Carolina?. Very truly,

FLOSSIE "AVIS."

Union County.

STOUT, N. C., June 14, 1893.

MR. EDITOR.—I have seen so many questions I will ask two: First, Who Discovered the Mississippi River? Second, and where was he buried? Success to your Valuable paper.

Your Unknown

JOE HAYWOOD.

Robeson County.

ST. PAULS, N. C., June 14th 1893.

MR. EDITOR: I will answer Maud G. Secret's two questions: The Capitol was burned on the morning of the 21st of June 1831. The present one cost over half million of dollars. I will ask a question, Who was the first native Governor of North Carolina? I am yours truly,

HOWARD JOHNSON.

SUTTON, N. C., June 5, 1893.

MR. EDITOR:—I am a little boy 12 years of age. Your valuable paper is much appreciated at our home. I will ask the children who study the history of North Carolina for whom was Carolina named? Wishing THE CAUCASIAN much success.

Your friend,

JIMMIE R. WHITE.

THE SAVING POWER.

REV. THOMAS DIXON ON THE NEED OF MORE EARNEST PREACHING.

Protestantism Apparently Failing In the Great Cities—Causes Therefor—Church Formalism—Lack of Vitality—Too Much Dignity.

NEW YORK, June 25.—Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., closed this morning in Association hall the series of sermons that have been running since the 17th of April on "The Gates of Hell In Modern Babylon." The series have been one attended with extraordinary interest from the beginning. The Sunday's work also closed the year's ministry in Association hall. The months of July and August he will have as vacation and will preach probably in the south during those two months somewhere on the eastern shore of Virginia, N. C. The pulpit in Association hall will be supplied by the Rev. Frank Dixon of California, his younger brother. The subject of the sermon this morning was "The Church Triumphant." The text chosen was "And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matthew xvi, 18).

There never was a time in the history of Christendom when the church faced graver problems than the church of the modern city is now confronted with. The past 20 years have been conspicuous in church work for its dismal failure in our cities. The progress of Protestantism has been beneath contempt. Does this mean that the gospel of Christ has failed? Does this mean that the church is on the down grade and must perish in the twentieth century? All things are surely being tested by the supreme test of the furnace of these latter times. All things must stand the test or go the way of the past. Before all things holy, all things sacred, as well as all things traditional and secular, this modern world has written a large interrogation point. The very existence of the church is questioned by a large class of thinkers, and the need of priest or preacher is called in issue. The Christian ministry that survives must be worthy, and the church that survives must answer with a good reason for its existence.

I do not hesitate to say that I believe as clearly as I believe in my own existence that the church of Jesus Christ, in its inadequacy, in its simplicity, in its power, will triumph. Jesus has certainly promised that it shall. However dark the problems, however overwhelming the forces that oppose, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Upon what is this promise of triumph based? It was based upon the confession of faith made by the apostle. Peter said, "I believe." If the church is to triumph and receive this promise, it must be through the exercise of a triumphant, militant faith. If the church really believes in its mission and in its Saviour, three things must come to pass in securing its triumph and must come to pass of necessity because of that faith.

MAGNETIC POWER.

First—She must present to the hosts of evil in our civic centers a ministry of power. The preacher who survives in the twentieth century must be a man of power. He must be a man called of God to the work. The ministry that will survive cannot therefore be a mere profession. It must, in the highest sense, be a calling, and that calling must be based upon the bestowment of divine gifts—gifts of brain, gifts of heart, gifts of personality, gifts of magnetic power incident to personality. A ministry of power in the modern city must show in the pulpit manhood first. The preacher who is a man of power today must first be a man—not clothes or ceremonies of ecclesiastical machinery nor churches nor rituals—but man. The office is nothing, the man everything.. Manhood is sacred; office is a name. The minister of the future who is a man of power must be so from his mother's womb. He must have the ordination of nature. The personal equation must grow necessarily larger.

A man will be sacred not because he is in the line of traditions, but because of the inherent, the irresistible force of his manhood. Jesus Christ declared that he had chosen men; that he had ordained the personality of men. "I have chosen and ordained you and sent you forth that you should go and bring forth fruit." A man delivered a speech in the assembly nationale of France which fell upon listless ears. Rousseau heard it, saw it in its power, its thought, memorized it, and charged with his personality as delivered the next day it electrified the assembly. Such must be the power of personality in the ministry that will command the rushing throng of the city that now is and that is growing. A minister, finding the fire in the grate had gone out, asked his wife to bring in something dry with which to light it. The good woman went out and pulled from a barrel an armful of her husband's old sermons. The day has gone by when that sort of sermons can command even the listless attention of the passing few.

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

Such a ministry must abide in Christ. The scope and method of its work must be of the scope and method of Christ's work. To be successful it must be as broad as his gospel. He came to save the world. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." His mission was to save the whole world. "The Lord hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, to proclaim the acceptable year"—to preach to an imprisoned world the gospel of liberty. He preached an intensely practical gospel. He cut to the very hearts of men's secret lives. He preached an applied gospel. To preach is not merely a proclamation. It is an application practical to life. One of the secrets of the failure of the church today in its ministry is that it lacks the elements of directness. We are not touched with the personal, everyday life of the world. We do not get at the personality of the people.

The old method of singling out men was more efficacious in really reaching them. A country clergyman recently had an experience that it might be well for the pastors of some dead city churches to adopt. The young people in the congregation had a habit of getting up and going out during the service. At last the preacher resolved to act. A youth grew sleepy one Sunday evening, picked up his coat and hat and stepped into the aisle. The young woman who was his sweetheart had grown tired and gone out a little before. To his dismay, the minister stopped short in his discourse and said: "Young man, the young lady who went out last is not the one you wish to see home. When she goes, I will let you know. Sit down. In the future when a woman goes out I will call on the proper man to take care of her." He resumed his sermon. There was a great deal of giggling and considerable wrath, but the sermons were not interrupted again during the winter.

PROPHET VERSUS PRIEST.

It is better even to create a sensation occasionally that may give rise to adverse comment than to die or to vegetate. The temptation of the ministry of today is to talk smooth things. It is to please the machines. Men object to being hit. They object to a personal method of applying truth. We have societies for suppressing vice, but none for suppressing advice to the preacher. The preacher is overwhelmed with advice, and he is afraid not to take it. A ministry of power is a ministry of freedom, a ministry that thinks for itself and acts, as led by the spirit of God. The minister who survives and is of the church triumphant will therefore be a prophet, not a priest; a leader, not an echo. He will be led by the spirit of God, not by the traditions of men. The keynote to his creed will be freedom of thought and progress in knowledge. "By their fruits ye shall know them." A ministry that has no fruit is a dead ministry. It may be as orthodox as the recent general assembly of the Presbyterian church, but if it bear no fruit it might be as heterodox as the devil for all that it amounts to in the history of humanity. The orthodox church is the church that saves men. The orthodox ministry is the ministry of power unto salvation, and this is the ministry of faith which is the true successor of St. Peter of old.

Second—It is a certainty that this church triumphant will be a saving power. It will be known as a church simply because it saves the world. There are two conceptions of a church current today. One is the election idea. The other is the commission idea. The one is an aggregation of saints met together for self edification and self enjoyment, gathered apart and out of the world, not even in it. The other is a community army, sent forth in the world, to live in it, to die in it and for it. The one means isolation, the other conduct. The one means tradition, the other life. The one that will survive is the one that saves. The church that has no saving quality is good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. "Ye are the salt of the earth." The work of the church is the salvation of this world, here and now—this whole world, man in his entire relations. And the church which lives in this crowded center of modern life must be a church that touches with saving power every ramification of life. Man is a spiritual being. He is a moral being. He is a physical being. The church must save him—spirit, soul and body. If the church of Jesus Christ does not thus touch man, it must die and other powers take its place.

TRADITIONAL TOMBS.

Its first work must of necessity be a spiritual one. It must stand for and emphasize the eternal, spiritual verities and their triumph over matter. It must bear witness to the truth thus—it must present to a thoughtless world the great problem ever fresh. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and forfeit his life?" It must teach with renewed emphasis from day to day that a man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things that he may possess. There are plenty of dead churches in our great cities, that are dead because they have preached no such thing, and they died because they did not preach it, and wealth and pride and vanity have taken possession and eaten them up, and the spirit of God has departed. The church that lives and survives will be one that leads back to the Father the wandering child, the orphan world. It must be full of zeal for man. It must be full of faith in man as it has faith in God. The life of Jesus shows boundless faith in man. The infidelity that refuses to believe in the possibility of saving men is as mean and as blasphemous as the infidelity that refuses assent to the postulate of the Godhead. The worship of God is the service of man, if Jesus is to be believed.

The Protestant church if it must triumph must go back to Catholicism and learn again the lesson which it has forgotten, and it is that man's spiritual nature is bound up whether he will or not with his body. We must relearn the fact that there is a gospel of the body; that the body is an organ of the soul; that there is a physical basis even of salvation; that Jesus healed the sick and fed the hungry; that he came with healing in his touch; that he recognized the tremendous power of this work over the soul. The church must have its gospel of healing. It must build its hospitals rather than its dismal, traditional tombs with stained glass windows and solemn churches. It needs a corps of evangelist physicians—consecrated doctors—who preach the gospel of Jesus as they heal the bodies of men.

The church that saves man today must touch the intellectual part of man. Man's reason is an organ of the soul turned toward God, not toward matter. It is here that we apprehend the Bible. It is here that we reach the full sweep of the deep truths of religion. It is the work of the church to apply here the simple gospel to every human deed and every human relation. The church must solve some of the mightiest problems of human philosophy and of social science if the church prove the cure all for human ills in our great modern city. It is a hard work to do and do thoroughly. It is hard to tell the truth and make the caustic application at all times to men and to society. If the salt have saving power, it must be rubbed in. A dissertation about salt will never accomplish the work. An exposition of the theory of a mustard plaster will not cure any man—it must be put on him. So the church that triumphs must be the church that preaches—that applies a practical gospel of salvation to men as men are today, to society as it is today, to the city as it lies in all its darkness, in all its squalor and wretchedness and sin and crime.

SENSATIONALISM.

Third—Such a church triumphant will be a church that returns to apostolic sympathy in method. By this I do not mean that we are to wear sandals, as the apostles did. I do not mean that we are to copy all their ceremonies or all their forms. But I do mean that we are to put into practice in the nineteenth century the apostolic spirit with the apostolic ideal before we can hope for a church triumphant. The idea of Paul, the greatest of all the apostles, was simplicity itself. He took the cue from his Master's lips, "Ye shall know them by their fruits." The method of Paul was the method of success, and it is in startling contrast with some modern ideals. The secret of his success is found in this simple statement of his methods: "I am become all things to all men that I may by all means save some." That is to say, the apostolic method of church work means, first, a sacrifice of the traditions of the ages and the intensest personal convictions on the altar of the success of the mission. Paul was a traditionalist. He was a pharisee of the pharisees. Yet he laid aside his preconceived ideas of church life and church methods upon the altar of this consuming passion for the salvation of men. He sunk his personal preferences in his burning desire to save men at all hazards. His education and his training were traditional and conventional to the last degree.

The cheapest way of going is the easy going way, the way of laziness and of sacred and of solemn traditions. The church needs to pray today as it never prayed before, "Lord, help us to bury our past, to slay our own ideas of success and lay them on the altar of today's consuming needs." The way to conduct church affairs is the way that saves men. The apostolic method of church work implied in the highest degree sensationalism, and in my humble opinion the church that will triumph in the city in the future will be a church that in the best sense is sensational. I do not mean a church that descends to buffoonery and dog shows and the like, but I do mean a church that does not know what the word dignity means. Dignity is of the devil. It begins with the same letter. Dignity is the one devil that is in the way of the success of hundreds of our great city churches today. The apostle made a sensation wherever he went. He could not help it. The gospel he preached was a sensation. He turned the world upside down. He stirred men up. They arrested him, they persecuted him, they drove him out. He preached the truth as it was in Christ, and the truth in Christ cuts the world like a two edged sword.

Jesus Christ himself was a sensationalist. His methods were sensational, his life most intense in its dramatic aspects. Never man spake as this man. They were struck with his word, with his manner. They were thrilled. He spoke not as scribe or pharisee. He spoke with an awful emphasis as one with authority. He spoke as the few prophets of the Hebrew race had spoken, with centuries intervening between their voices. His life was a series of sensations between Cana and Calvary; his ministry a series of sensations—the healing of the lame, the halt, the blind, the raising of the dead. He broke the traditions of the elders. He broke the Sabbath. He consorted with publicans and sinners. He reached and stirred the masses of the people. He was of them. He lived with them. Even when they deserted him he loved them, lived for them and died for them still.

TEN SUICIDES A WEEK.

The apostolic method implies also consecrated common sense or the adaptation of methods to the needs of men and times. The Apostle Paul saw an awful need. He stood in Greece and saw her in her wretchedness and sin and helplessness. He saw a world that lay in darkness. He heard the sad cry of the lost on the mountains bleak and bare, sick and helpless and ready to die—lost in wild speculations about the soul and human life and human destiny. As he gazed thus into the face of a race drifting without a compass there was inspiration enough to kindle the great resolve in his great soul, "I will be all things to all men if by all means I may save some." In Greece I will be a Grecian; in Rome, a Roman; among slaves, a slave. I will preach in the market place. I will stand on the Acropolis. I will preach in the synagogue—anywhere, everywhere, that man may be found, may be reached, may be saved.

The situation with which we are confronted today is a situation that damns such an apostolic ideal enforced in practical ways. The city lies in debauchery and weakness and corruption—the saloon master practically of your city life; 10 suicides a week in the city of New York alone; one murder a week; materialism growing in power and insolence; thousands gathered into the whirlpool of an indifferent and godless life; the great masses outside the church unmindful of its very existence; the sad cry of the city going up before God day and night without ceasing; the muffled roar of its sorrow can be heard in the distance in the deadest hour of the night; the sick, the helpless, the lost, the despairing, the sick in body and the sick in soul. If the church meets this situation, it must be by the adaptation of methods which the spirit will own and bless today.

RELIC HUNTERS.

The trouble is we have disowned the spirit of God. We say the spirit is not with us. It is true, but it is not because the spirit has withdrawn from the world. It is simply because we have put ourselves out of touch with the spirit. The church must get a new baptism of the spirit—that is to say, it must open the doors and let the spirit come in. We have some zeal, but it is zeal with a fatal lack of sense. Now and then a man rises and says, "Lord, let us build three tabernacles—one for thee, one for Moses and one for Elias." Marvelous zeal, but no sense! Wonderful structures we build today, but they are useless catacombs—good enough for records, good enough for relic hunters in the future. And we store them with relics for the future hunters of curiosities, when a newer and fresher race shall roam over our ruined cities. God does not need three tabernacles today any more than he needed them in the day of Christ's transfiguration. We need institutions for saving men and women in these closing days of the nineteenth century. We are not adapting our methods to saving men. Until we do the church cannot be triumphant. The moment we do the spirit of God in power reaches the world through us.

Let me repeat to you a part of my personal creed on this subject: As for me and my house, we have more and more resolved to abide in this faith. I repeat it with emphasis. I had rather beat the drum in the Salvation Army to the salvation of men than stand in frescoed temple and preach the gospel to a handful of old men and women, who have professed religion so long and date it so long ago that they can scarcely remember the date of their conversion, and who have heard the gospel so long that they are stricken with sacred rheumatism. I had rather be a human sandwich and walk on Broadway and advertise the gospel unto salvation of the passing crowd than stand beneath Gothic arch and preach into the soft, yielding bosom of pew cushions the most glorious periods at a large salary. I had rather wield a hot potato, as did old John Pounds of Portsmouth, in the name of the eternal God to the salvation of man than to wear the red hat of a cardinal and strut before men. I had rather wield the hot potato of John Pounds of Portsmouth to the salvation of my brother man than sit on the throne of St. Peter's and wear the tiara of Leo XIII before the assembled pilgrims of a world.

I believe in the triumph of the church of Jesus Christ. I do not say what I believe about the future of the traditional churches that in many cases cumber the ground in the modern city.

Carlyle's Love For His Sister.

When Thomas Carlyle died in 1881, he left to Mrs. Hanning property sufficient to render her independent for the remainder of her life. For three years after her husband's death Mrs. Hanning retained her home, but finally relinquished it to reside with her daughter, Mrs. Leslie.

Since 1881, therefore, Mrs. Hanning has made her home with her daughter and her daughter's husband in their delightful farm at Drumquin, Ont., which is named after "Comely Bank" at Craiginputtock. She has her own apartment and in it sits day in and day out with her books and her thoughts.

The books which form her library are many and valuable and in most cases have the added interest of being gifts from her brother. Her collection of Carlyle's published works is complete, and was given her volume by volume as published by Carlyle himself. On the title page of each is an autograph inscription, always breathing the affection which he bore and showed the sister from whom he was so widely separated.

"From her affectionate brother, T. Carlyle," is the usual form of signature.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Chief Justice Fuller has rendered a decision which leaves the World's Fair to open its gates on Sunday if the managers so choose.

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